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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. By John Josias Conybeare, M.A., &c. Edited, with additional Notes, &c., by W. D. Conybeare, M.A., Rector of Sully. 8vo. pp. 382. London, 1826. Harding and Lepard.

NOTWITHSTANDING the interest which we have always taken in the literature of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, and particularly in its illustration by writers who have published since the *Literary Gazette* commenced, (such as Sharon Turner, Ingram, and Bosworth,) we feel our inability to do justice to the present work, one of the most valuable contributions that has ever been offered to enrich this field of curious, antiquarian, and national inquiry. Indeed it would require the study of the language for several years, and much investigation of its remaining treasures, to qualify any critic for deciding upon many of the points which the diligence and acumen of the Editor of this volume, of his late excellent brother, of the gentlemen we have named above, and of Thorkelin the Danish author—have brought to light and opened for discussion: conjecture must frequently supply the place of accurate data; the materials upon which to form a judgment, with regard to the earliest times, are exceedingly scanty; and the rude memorials of a rude language, obsolete for centuries except in these written characters, furnish insufficient grounds for certainty of decision. Still, however, much may be learnt from a view of these remarkable documents; and upon their mere surface they display a great deal to excite and gratify the curiosity of a country inhabited by the descendants of Anglo-Saxons, who derive from that mixed race, even to the present hour, a multitude of their customs, their laws, and their very feelings.

With this impression upon our mind, we are not sorry that our want of an intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of the Anglo-Saxon tongue compels us, as it were, to take simply a popular notice of the work in hand;—probably, after all, better suited to our limits than a learned and laborious disquisition.

The late Mr. Josias Conybeare, who was Professor of Anglo-Saxon Poetry at Oxford, from 1809 to 1812, in that capacity directed much research to the subject which he was called upon to illustrate; and after his retirement from the academical chair to the duties of a Christian teacher, a benevolent and charitable object induced him further to pursue these literary labours. To his lectures originally, and to his subsequent inquiries, (to the period of his lamented death), we are indebted for the principal portion of this publication; but we have also to confess our great obligations to his brother, the editor of it, than whom a more intelligent and congenial co-advisor could not have been brought to the completion of the unfinished task.

Of the remnants of Anglo-Saxon learning and piety, the chief stores exist in the Bodleian and Cotton Libraries, and in a valuable collec-

tion of MSS. poetry bequeathed to the Library of Exeter Cathedral by Bishop Leofric, between the years 1046 and 1073.* In Lambeth Palace there were, but we fear there are not, some remarkable fragments (the Battle of Finchborough, for instance); and in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, we believe, there are other specimens. Consulting these sources, the late Mr. Conybeare produced that information to the world which appeared in the *Archæologia*, and *Transactions of the Antiquarian Society*, upon the metre of Anglo-Saxon poetry, its forms, character, &c. &c., together with limited illustrations from the ancient compositions to which he referred. The present volume enlarges and explains these topics, and superadds much which was completed for the press when the author died, and much (as we have observed) of high value which his editor has furnished.

From the first specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry with which we are acquainted, Mr. Turner thinks, on the authority of Bede, it was constructed without regard to any particular metre, and written to the ear: Mr. Conybeare endeavours to shew that it was distinguished from their prose by the continual use of a certain definite rhythm, invariably trochaic or dactylic; each line, or hemistich, usually consisting of two feet, and the pauses always at the end of lines. He allows, however, that emphasis often holds the place of quantity, and that lines of three or four feet are occasionally intermixed with the regular metres of two; which exceptions seem to us to bring the conclusion very nearly to Mr. Turner's definition. Alliteration, the extensive use of periphrasis, the omission of short particles, and, at a later date, terminal rimes (viz. during the Dano-Saxon period), are the other characteristics of the Muses of our ancestors. The system of alliteration was finally carried to an excessive pitch, as appears not only from the examples cited by Hickes, but by some very curious ones supplied by Mr. Conybeare. The general resemblance to the old Icelandic and Teutonic poetry is very striking; and it may fairly be supposed that the systematic employment of alliteration was a practice entirely of northern or of Celtic origin, and though not unknown, yet very rarely resorted to by the classical prosodists of either Rome or Greece. To illustrate this, we beg to quote the first verse in Icelandic and in Saxon of the *Gudrunar Quida*, one of the most interesting poems in the Eddaic collection, which relates the grief of

* "It has now (in consequence, probably, of the dispersion of monastic property after the Reformation) found its way to the Bodleian, as have some other parts of the good bishop's literary donation: others are preserved in the library of Bennett College, Cambridge; while a few only remain in the possession of the Chapter of Exeter. The contents were chiefly of a liturgical nature, with portions of the Scriptures, Commentaries on them, Homilies, &c. Peritus is the only poetical, and Porphyry the only philosophical writer of classical antiquity. Of the later period we have Boethius, Sedulus, Prudentius, and Orosius: it is added, that he found in the church, at his accession, only a Capitulary, and old and decayed copies of the Epistles, Lessons, Night-song, and Missal."

Gudrun for the loss of her husband Sigurd, murdered by her brother Gunnar.

Original Icelandic. *Scandinavian.*
Ar var sat Gudrun. Ar sám se Gudrun
Gúdrir at deyia. Gúrwoð dydan
er hon Sorgfull sat Ón heo Sorgfule Sat
yfir Sigurbjörn. ofer Sigurðie;
gerðit Ón Hiufr, ne gearcōde Heo Heofing,
ne Híndom slá, ne Hóndum sloh,
ne Quena um swa same Cwanode
sem Honor aðrar. sem Honor aðrar.

Literally thus:—

" It was ere that Gudrun
Prepared to die,
When she sorrowful sat
Over Sigurd's [corpse];
She made not showers [of tears],
Nor smote she with her hands,
Nor moaned she for him
The same as other women."

But as we have stated that our review should be of a popular as much as of a literary class, we will here add the whole ballad as very sweetly put into a metrical version by the editor of this volume.

" By her Sigurd's blood-stain'd bier,
An' equal death o'er her,
Gudrun sat; she shed no tear:
Her hand she smote not on her breast;
Word, nor sigh, nor act, might show
The wasted course of woman's woe.
Sages came, the wisest they,
But vain the aids from art they borrow:
Can rhetoric soothe, or reason sway,
That stern mood of deepest sorrow,—
When the heart to bursting swells,
Yet no tear its anguish tells?

Round her press'd a widow's train,
Sisters they in grief united,
Calling back long scenes of pain;
Each her own sad tale recited:
Valily thus to wake they try
The soothing power of sympathy.

Vainly—for her anguish'd mind,
Stum'd beneath that sudden blow,
Harden'd, to itself confined,
Not open to another's woe:
Hard and cold was Gudrun's soul,
Nor sigh would rise, nor tear would roll.

Last did youthful Gylfiand speak:—
‘ Matrons, though in wisdom old,
Here, I ween, your skill is weak;
Age's counsels, all too cold;
Cannot reach the widow's heart,
When youth's strong loves are rent apart.’

With hurrying hand from Sigurd's bier,
Swept she then the pall away:
On him, thy love, look, Gudrun dear,
To his cold lip thy warm lip lay
And round him, as they still cold hold
Thy living lord, thine arms enfold.

Gudrun turn'd—a one-hurried glance—
On that much-loved form she threw—
A moment view'd, where murder's lance
Had pierced the breast to her so true;
Saw stiff with blood those locks of gold,
And quench'd that eye so bright.
She saw, and sank, and low reclined,
Hid in the couch her throbbing head.
Her loose veil floated unconfined,
Her burning cheek was crimson'd red:
Then, her bursting heart's relief,
Copious fell the shower of grief."

In the Exeter MS. already spoken of, there is a singular riming poem, in which "the poet, bound by the double fetters of alliteration and

rime, has found himself obliged to sacrifice sense to sound, to a more than ordinary extent. The style is throughout figurative, harsh, and elliptical in the highest degree: words occurring in no other Saxon writer, and to be interpreted therefore only through the medium of an uncertain analogy, are frequent; and more common terms are disguised by an unaccustomed variety of spelling.... The rime is frequently double; and the poet, not contented with this exhibition of his powers in the accumulation of similar sounds, has in one passage (of nine lines) introduced an additional rime into the body of every line, thus—

*Bald Ald ɔwiteð
Wrec fæc wrīðeð
Wrath ath smiðeð*

so that every letter almost is fettered by the absurd intricacy of the metre. The identical rhymes are not confined to the couplet, but extend sometimes to eight or ten lines.—The whole style of composition is analogous to the later systems of Scaldic metre introduced about the middle of the ninth century, in the place of the more simple versification of the *Edda* and *Völuspá* (which is altogether identical with the usual Saxon metre). It is probable that the knowledge of these more complicated systems was introduced among the Saxon poets in the age of Canute; but they do not appear to have found a favourable reception."

This poem, indeed, is the only instance known to be extant of a regular imitation of them. "The subject appears to be an illustration of the transitory nature of human enjoyments: this is exhibited by describing the same individual as first flourishing in the very acme of pleasure, fame, affluence, and power; and then as a spirit tormented by the fires of purgatory, and a corpse consumed by worms. The conclusion points out the hope of translation, after these purifying pains have accomplished their appointed end, to the joys of heaven." We heartily wish we could insert the whole of this interesting production; but must be contented with a very small part of it. In the picture of his happiness it is said—

"Sealcas waeron My servants were sagacious,
scarpe, Scyl was hearep. There was skill in their harping.
It resounded loud,
Hlude hlyned, Melody was heard
Hleoðor dynede, Powerfully, nor did it cease.
Swegl-rad swinsade
Swiðe, ne minasade.
Burg sele beofode, The hall vibrated (at the sound),
Beorht hilfade; Splendour abone;
Ellen eacnade, My spirit expanded,
Ead eacnade; My happiness increased;
Freamu frodade, I was prudent among princes,
Fromum godade, And successful among the brave,
Mod megnade, Powerful in mind,
Mine fegnade. And rejoicing in spirit.
Treow telgade, My tree flourished,
Tir welgade, My sway increased.
Bled blisade, Fruit blessed me,
Gold gearwade, Gold was at hand,
Gim hwearfada, Gems poured around me,
Sinc searwade, Silver was artificially wrought,
Sib nearwade; My kindred were closely united;

† The defective alliteration shews that a line is here lost.

From ic was in fræt. I was brave in adornment, wum, Freolin in in-geat. And graceful in carriage, wum, Was min dream My glory was lordly, dryhtlic, Drohtad hythlic; My dominion illustrious; Foldan ic freðode, I was benevolent to the land, Folcum ic leoðode; I sang lays to the people; Lif was min longe My life was long Leodum ingemonge, Among my nation, Tirum zetonge My condition in my dominions Teala gehonge. Was happily supported."

Then comes the reverse—[we quote the original no longer, as there is already sufficient to show the nature of the versification.]

"But now my breast is rough, shaken by the season of woe, nigh to stern necessity; and he is tormented at the approach of night, who before in the day was highly esteemed; and fire now is wrapt around."

"Thus now the world wendeth; fate sendeth [men to their doom], and feuds pursue them; chieftains oppress, war-kings go forth, the dart of slaughter pierceth, the violent arrow fieth, the spear smiteth them, sorrow devoureth the city; the bold man in age decays, the season of vengeance tormenteth him, and enmity easily assaileth him; the abyss of sin increaseth, sudden treachery glideth in, grim rage grieveth, woe possessth, every possession is deceitful, summer's heat groweth cool, many things fall to the ground, the portion of strife abundeth, earthly power groweth old, courage groweth cold. This Fate wove for me, and as decreed assigned it that I should grieve with this grief. And the grim grave flesh may not flee; soon as the rapid day hath flown, necessity seizeth in her grasp when she cometh nigh, she that hath taken me from my country, and here exerciseth me in hardship. Then the corpse lieth, worms fret the limbs, and the worm departeth not, and there chooseth its repast until there be bone only left."

We observe that our author disputes the originality of Ossian; but his objections may rather apply to the interpolations, than invalidate the authenticity of these extraordinary traditions. Passing this, however, and a curious dissertation on ancient Welsh poetry, we shall here insert a very useful quotation relative to the immediate subject of our observations—the Anglo-Saxon. The editor has given us a synoptical catalogue of all that time has spared in this department of literature; remarking—

"Full and complete critical editions of the whole of these remains, with translations, are yet indeed desiderata in our literature; and it is perhaps scarcely creditable to our national feeling that these monuments of the parent speech of Englishmen should so long have been neglected; while in most continental states similar remains, in no degree of superior interest, have been presented to the public with every requisite illustration. But a better spirit appears to be now arising. While these pages have been passing through the press, an edition of Beowulf has been promised, by a writer who in his re-publication of Warton's History of English Poetry has proved that the philological antiquary will find nothing wanting in any work which he may undertake. An edition, with a translation, of Alfred's Boethius has been still more recently announced; and the Editor of these pages hopes shortly to bring the Cedmonian paraphrase in a similar manner before the public. The whole of the Exeter Manuscript, together with the remaining minor

poetry of the Saxons, might easily be comprised in another single volume; and if this were accomplished, their entire *corpus poetum* would be rendered generally accessible."

The leading articles are,—1. The History of Beowulf (MS. Cotton), first mentioned by Wanley 1705, and brought into public notice by Mr. Turner in 1805; subsequently, 1815, published by Thorkelin, with a Latin translation, at Copenhagen: 2. Fragment on the Battle of Finsborough (MS. Lambeth), printed by Hickes in Thes. Lingg. Sept., without a translation: 3. Fragment on the Death of Beorhtnoth (MS. Cotton), printed by Hearne, translated in the present volume; the original burnt. Upon these narrative and historical poems, Mr. C. adds—

"The allusions contained in one of the poems of the Exeter MS. to the stories of Weland and of Theoderic of Berne, render it probable that these heroes of the Edda and of the cycle of Teutonic romance, were also celebrated in Saxon poetry. The slaughter of the dragon by Sigurd, or Sigmund, another cardinal event in that cycle, is also alluded to in Beowulf in a manner which shews it to have been familiar. Chaucer enumerates the adventures of Wade and his boat, a fiction also of the same school (see *Wilkina Saga*), among the romances of price: so that we have probably lost a Saxon poem on this subject. The romance of Horn Childe, published by Ritson in his collection, is evidently derived from a Saxon original. And the same remark may be extended to the romance of Haveloke (long supposed to be lost, but recently discovered by Mr. Madden among the MS. stores of the Bodleian), and to that of Atta, king of East Anglia."

Other poems are from Scriptural sources, such as Judith, Daniel, &c.; and others again are founded on the lives of the Saints; besides hymns and minor sacred pieces. There are also the Odes and Epitaphs preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, and a few more (five) of the date between 938 and 1065. The Exile's Complaint, given in this work from the Exeter MS., and some of Alfred's translations of the Metres of Boethius may be mentioned, too, as of the elegiac class. The latter, besides, afford specimens of the moral and didactic; to which the Exeter MS. further contributes. Among the miscellaneous remains, the most prominent are the Song of a Traveller, (Exeter MS.), given by Mr. C.; Dialogue between Solomon and Saturn, (MSS. of C. C. College), mixed with Runic characters; Poem on the Site of Durham and its Holy Relics, (MSS. Cotton); and several preserved in Hickes.

The fragment of the Death of Byrhtnoth, Alderman or Earl of Northumbria, who was slain in battle against the invading Danes, apparently at Maldon in Essex, A.D. 991, is the most spirited and Homeric descent which has reached us from these olden times. It consists of 690 lines:—as a sample we quote two passages after the fall and mangling of the body of the Saxon leader, and the flight of some of his force.

"Then yet stood in the array Edward the tall chief, prompt and strenuous: he vowed in haughty words 'that he would not yield a foot's breadth of earth, nor turn his back in flight, since his superior lay dead.' He broke through the wall of shields, and fought against the foe until he had worthily avenged his lord, liberal in largess, on the men of the sea, before he himself fell among the slaughtered. The same did Ætheric, his noble comrade, eager and impetuous, the brother of Sebyrht; stoutly he fought, and very many others: they clove the

bucklers; keen they were: they burst the covering of the shields; and the hauberk sang a strain of terror." [How finely poetical is this last expression!]

"Byrhtwold spoke: he was an aged vassal: he raised his shield, he brandished his ashen spear; he full boldly exhorted the warriors:—'Our spirit shall be the hardier; our heart shall be the keener; our soul shall be the greater, the more our forces diminish. Here lieth our chief, all mangled—the brave one in the dust: ever may he lament his shame that thinketh to fly from this play of weapons. Old am I in life, yet will I not stir hence; but I think to lie by the side of my lord—by that much-loved man.'"

But Beowulf is the grand attraction of the work to which we have wished to draw the attention of our readers: and not to trouble them with too much of one theme, we shall reserve that Poem and a few other matters for a future Gazette.

Travels in Chile and La Plata, including Accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Finances, Agriculture, Manners, &c., and the Mining Operations in Chile. By John Miers. Illustrated by original Maps, Views, &c. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1826. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of publications which have issued from the press, of late years, we find a good deal both of new and valuable intelligence in these volumes. We do not abide, however, so much to the well-conceived view of historical and political events which the author has given, as to his own observations on the country, during a residence of several years, and especially to what he says respecting the mining operations, in which so much British capital has been embarked, and in the prosecution of which he was himself largely and actively concerned. In laying before the public the real condition of the mining districts, and the state of the works (which he seems to us to do most impartially and fairly), Mr. Miers corrects not a few mistakes and misrepresentations which have too long abused the speculative credulity of Europe, and above all of England.

The author left London for Buenos Ayres in 1818, with the purpose of setting up copper-mills in Chile; and crossed from Buenos Ayres by the route of Barranquitos to Mendoza. After farther travelling, adventures, and delays, into which (at present at least) we shall not enter, he proceeded from Mendoza to Santiago over the great chain of the Andes by the pass of Uspallata, and thence to Valparaiso. Here, as at head-quarters, he discusses the topics announced in the title-page; over all which we shall take the liberty of leaping, and plant ourselves at once upon the grand ground of mining, and an account of a military expedition into the Indian territories near Valdivia, the first of which subjects we consider to be of considerable importance, and the last of which we have found to be very interesting. Of the last, first—

"The Indians inhabiting the most fertile portions of Chile, between the limits of the river Biobio, and the Archipelago of Chiloe, refused to adopt the religion, the customs, or the government of the Spaniards, and a war was maintained for many years in order to compel them to conform in these respects. The Spaniards built several towns, and established numerous fortified posts from the Biobio to Osorno and Cuyral Mayo, from all which they

were from time to time driven by the Indians, and were compelled at length totally to abandon the Indian territory, preserving only the harbour and towns of Valdivia, and the island of Chiloe; none of the country beyond the limits of the guns of Valdivia was held by the Spaniards, and the Indians were permitted to remain masters of their native country. After the decisive actions of Chacabuco and Maypo, many of the persecuted Spaniards took refuge among the Indians, whom they incited to take arms and to levy war on the southern provinces of Chile. Benavides, [of whose exploits and death our *Gazette* contained the history about two years ago], formerly a corporal in the Spanish service, a worthless and sanguinary renegade, for a long while maintained this Indian warfare, assisted by many old Spaniards. It required a considerable force, under the command of Colonel Freyre (the present director of Chile), to keep this roving body of depredators in check. Benavides, however, after a complete rout, abandoned his cause, and fled towards Peru in an open boat: putting into a fishing bay near the mouth of the Maypo, he was recognised, apprehended, carried to Santiago, and ignominiously put to death, in the most barbarous manner, by the government of Chile. When Lord Cochrane, in 1820, captured Valdivia, a number of the affrighted Spaniards took refuge among the Indians, whom they in like manner incited to acts of warfare against the patriots. These were joined by several whom Benavides had deserted, and they excited the Indians to such acts of enterprise against the people of Valdivia, that the safety of the place was doubted. At the solicitation of Colonel Freyre, the government of Chile despatched a military force, under the command of Colonel Beauchef, a Frenchman, to which expedition a friend of Mr. Miers's, Dr. Thomas Leighton, before acting as surgeon of the directorial guard of honour, was appointed chief medical officer. The object of this expedition was to chastise the Indians for their daring temerity, and to compel them to give up the Spanish refugees, who continued to excite them to acts of hostility. It was in pursuit of this object that the following circumstances came under the observation of the narrator, which afford the most accurate and interesting description ever given of the actual state of civilisation, habits, and customs of the Auracanian Indians."

The subjoined are extracts of the most striking particulars in Dr. Leighton's diary, which he kept, as opportunity allowed, from Dec. 16th, 1822 to January 4th, 1823.

"Three hundred infantry were embarked in canoes, and proceeded up the river (of Tres Cruces) towards the rendezvous appointed on the Indian frontier: a single suit of duck clothing, a sheep-skin to lie on, a poncho to wear in rainy weather, and to serve as a covering during the night, a musket and bayonet, with sixty rounds of ball cartridges, completed the equipment of each soldier; neither baggage nor tents were thought necessary, and as for provisions, reliance was placed on the aid of friendly Indians, or on whatever could be taken from the enemy."

The infantry was under the orders of a Major Rodriguez; and there was a company of cavalry under a Captain L'Abbe: at San Jose, five leagues from Tres Cruces, they were joined on the 17th by about sixty Indians.

"The appearance of these Indians" (continues Dr. L.) "by no means came up to the idea I had previously formed of them; they appeared exceedingly effeminate and tame:

they are below the common stature, of a dark complexion, round and full-faced, with small keen black eyes, very little forehead, the hairy scalp, in many cases, almost reaching the eyebrows; flat noses with wide nostrils, large mouths, their teeth white and regular, with the exception of the superior dentes canini, which are in general very large and long; they have no beards, their bodies are large, their limbs very muscular, their legs disproportionately short, and generally bandy. The cacique wore a hat and feathers; the others were in general bare-headed; some had their long black hair flowing loosely over their shoulders, while others tied it in a knot on the crown of the head; but all had their heads encircled by a piece of riband or tape, generally red, which added greatly to the effeminacy of countenance so remarkable among them."—"Several were dressed in old Spanish uniforms: some had stockings without feet, but none wore shoes, nor any substitute for them: some had brass spurs, the rowels of which were an inch and a half in diameter; but, for the most part, their heels were armed with wooden spurs, sharpened to a point. Each Indian carried his lance, an extremely awkward-looking weapon; the head is generally the blade of a knife, a broken bayonet, or a piece of iron hoop, ground sharp, and tied to the end of a cane from eight to twelve yards long."—"The lance is used on horseback, or on foot where the field of action is mountainous or woody: it is never thrown, but when a charge is made the shaft is pressed hard between the right elbow and side, which serves both as a rest and fulcrum: it is always poised and directed by the right hand. When the Indian is pursued, he never quits his lance, but drags it after him. The caciques had swords, and all the Indians had machetes, long, heavy, broad-bladed knives, which serve for cutting and chopping; and without these they could not find their way through the thickets of trailing shrubs which cover the country."

Marching on steadily, and passing ruined cottages, and a devastated tract instead of a once thickly-inhabited and well-cultivated district—

On the 19th, says the diarist, "about noon, we halted at the side of a small rivulet. Here several old Indians brought us a milky-looking liquor, in earthen pipkins, which I tasted, and found to be a fermented liquor of a pleasant subacid flavour: being fatigued and thirsty, I took a very hearty draught, and found it very refreshing. I then invited my companions to partake of my feast, but they refused, laughing merrily at me, and explained to me what I had been drinking. I was told that the liquor was prepared from apples while very young; having yet acquired very little saccharine matter in this stage, the old women chew them, and spit the juice, mixed with saliva, into an earthen pot, when it speedily ferments, and forms the liquor I had just tasted. I soon ejected all I had taken, and tacitly made a vow never again to eat or drink any thing prepared by the hands of an Indian. I had the curiosity to go and see this nauseous beverage prepared: four hideous old women and a child were sitting on their hams upon the ground, busily employed in masticating apples, and squirting the juice into a large earthen pan which stood in the centre: they occasionally took a mouthful of water, and the child frequently stirred the liquid with a small stick of canglo. In the afternoon we arrived at Calfacura, the residence of a powerful cacique of that name. This man had formerly given his aid to the Spanish

refugees; but having been severely chastised last year by Major Rodriguez, he had become a patriot. He waited on the colonel upon his arrival. He was a very ugly old man, and so extremely corpulent that I wondered how he could possibly walk; he made a long speech in extenuation of his former conduct, and concluded by making a propitiatory offering of five fat oxen, which at this time was a very seasonable supply. Major Rodriguez here pointed out to me the spot where he had shot an Indian last year; his account made my blood run cold. It seems, that on attacking the place, he could only surprise a woman, her son, and her daughter; the latter was a child. The tribe had succeeded in escaping to their hiding-places in the woods: in vain did he menace the woman and her son with immediate death if they did not discover the hiding-places of the Indians; nor were promises of reward more successful; till, infuriated by their obstinacy, the inhuman major obliged the son to kneel, in which posture he was shot in the presence of the distracted mother and affrighted child. Still the woman remained obdurate, and she was made to kneel down, and on the muskets being levelled at her, the child rushed toward the murderers, begging them to spare her mother's life, and she would conduct them to the retreat of her father and brothers: the mother, infuriated, started upon her legs, rushed upon her daughter, whom she attempted to strangle. The child was rescued from her grasp, and dragged to the spot toward which she had pointed as leading to the place of retreat, while she upbraided the child with degeneracy and want of courage. She finally expired in agony on beholding the massacre of her whole family, giving her last breath in curses upon the relentless murderers! Our Indian auxiliaries now amounted to about 200, and were under the command of a chief, who bore the rank of captain in our army, and the title of commissary for the Indians: he officiated as their magistrate in time of peace, and as their general in war."

At night, a fine view of the volcano of Villa Rica exhibited a scene of natural desolation not so hideous as the destructive acts of man. The state of the country where not cleared is well described in the two annexed notices:—

" December 20.—We marched about five leagues, the road lying through a thick forest, and being very bad. We reached a clear spot of ground in the afternoon, where we pitched our tents for the night. I was very much fatigued with this day's journey, for we had passed through a dull and dreary forest, in which not a bird could be seen for its thickness. The narrowness and badness of the road precluded all opportunity for conversation, and as my whole attention was required to prevent my horse from stumbling, I was even debarred from meditation.

" December 21.—We commenced our march before sun-rise, and continued it with great perseverance during the day, in order that we might arrive at Pitovquin before dark; the roads were very bad, and in some parts rendered impassable by a sort of creeping shrub, called quilo, which is of remarkably quick growth, and choked up the paths in a few days. The very narrow and little-frequented roads through these forests, therefore, are soon rendered impassable. This caused us much annoyance; the troops were frequently obliged to halt, standing up to their knees in water, while the Indians were clearing the obstructions with their machetes. Our faces and hands were severely scratched, and our clothes torn. We,

who were mounted, received the greatest annoyance, for we were frequently so entangled that the horses marched from under us."

By the 23d, through such ways, the expedition came up with the enemy, in a very embarrassed position. They soon, however, overthrew their feeble opposition; and we are told,

" The fifty Indians whom we had sent in advance had unexpectedly fallen in with the enemy, and were instantly routed, when, falling back on our cavalry, and these again retreating upon our infantry, we were all pent up in the small area before described. Order was soon re-established by forming the infantry in line, the cavalry drawing up on the right flank, the Indians on the left. We now perceived the enemy staring down upon us from above; the horrible yell that rent the air announced to us that the wood was filled with them. In this moment of fearful suspense, a courier was despatched back to Pitovquin, to inform the colonel of our situation. There were only two alternatives; either to retreat upon our head quarters, or to force the pass in the possession of the Indians: the latter was resolved upon: a corporal and five men led the advance, the charge being preceded by a discharge of muskets; for we could not, in consequence of the thickness of the wood, see ten yards before us. The infantry then advanced in a column, and after the first discharge of musketry, the shouts of our Indian auxiliaries, and the clattering of the horses' hoofs, announced to us that the enemy had fled. For my part, I was hurried along in the rear guard, first over broken lances, and then over the bodies of the dead and dying Indians, who presented the most shocking sight I ever beheld: they had previously stripped for the combat, and were seen extended on the ground, writhing in the agonies of death, and biting the dust, while the blood flowed slowly through the large gashes, except when propelled more profusely by their deep sighs and lamentations. These poor wretches were despatched outright by our soldiers as they passed along, not from any feeling of humanity, but from one of savage barbarity.

We soon arrived at an extensive place, whence the flying enemy could be distinguished in the distance, enveloped in a cloud of dust: they succeeded in effecting their escape; for, as they were so much better mounted than our cavalry, the pursuit was given up. While resting on our arms, we were agreeably surprised at the return of Mr. Arengoen, a Swedish gentleman, who had accompanied the advance party of Indians, and whom we fancied had been taken prisoner. He related to us, that at first he rode boldly into the midst of the enemy, thinking it was a party of Indians on their road to join us, and he discovered his error only on receiving the charge of an Indian lance, which he parried by firing a pistol at the aggressor; he then clapped spurs to his horse, and rode into the thicket, whence he heard distinctly the firing of the musketry, which had brought him toward them. Soon after, a prisoner was led in, who had been stripped of all covering by the captors; he was brought before the major upon a mule. At first he attempted to deny having borne arms against them; but when proof was offered to the contrary, not a word else could be extracted from him: he was again delivered over to the Indians, who led him a few paces off, and proceeded deliberately to put him to death. Little did I expect such barbarity would have been permitted before Christian soldiers, and I was greatly shocked to witness such inhumanity. A cacique first struck him a blow on the head with a sabre,

after which he was despatched with repeated stabs from lances and swords. This victim displayed strongly that passive courage frequently noticed among barbarians: on finding all resistance vain, and all escape hopeless, though his first wounds were not mortal, he neither uttered a cry nor a groan, but setting his teeth hard together, and repressing his breathing, he suffered in patience all his pain, until finally despatched by his ferocious murderers. Our officers and soldiers looked on with the utmost *sang froid*, may, with a secret pleasure, as if they were accustomed to similar sights. I observed that every Indian stuck his lance into the body of the victim; and I was told that it was considered among them disgraceful to return home from a warlike expedition without having imbrued their lances in the blood of an enemy. I found, too, that it was an invariable custom among the Indians to put their prisoners to immediate death;—caciques are always excepted from this rule, they are ransomed; so likewise are old men, for whom, on occasions, they shew great respect. At sun-set we encamped at the side of a small river, at some distance beyond which, upon the opposite bank, the enemy also rested. We here discovered a wounded Indian, who was instantly put to death. Our loss to-day was found to be one Indian killed, and a cavalry soldier wounded; the loss of the enemy was supposed to be about thirty killed. We passed the night under continual apprehension, for the enemy's camp appeared in great bustle and confusion; the clamour they kept up could be distinctly heard. I could sleep but little; for my imagination was haunted by the cruel scenes I had witnessed during the day; and I deprecated my lot a thousand times in having been associated with such inhuman monsters.

" December 24.—This morning, at day-break, three prisoners were brought in naked, and instantly put to death. About eight, A.M., the colonel joined us with the remaining force. He would have come up last night, but the Indian guides could be persuaded neither by promises nor threats to pass the field of battle after dusk; the moment they saw dead bodies strewed upon the ground they refused to proceed. We now advanced, without loss of time, in pursuit of the enemy, but they had the start of us, and we saw nothing more of them. Our route was along the left bank of the river formerly mentioned. The country was uniformly level, and we passed several large enclosures of beans and peas, well cultivated: in one of these a woman and child were surprised, who, terrified by threats, conducted us to the family, consisting of an old Indian, his son, three young women, and five children, two of which were at the breast. Two of the women were young, and really handsome, one in particular, who had blue eyes, and a fair and ruddy complexion. The men were given in charge of the guard; the women and children were seized by the Indians with an avidity which showed how greatly they valued their prize. The women did not appear much concerned by the change of masters, but, mounting behind their new paramours, rode off with apparent indifference, and entered at once into familiar conversation with them. They did not seem much more affected at being separated from their children, for, although they shed a few tears, they neither embraced nor kissed them. About five, P.M., we encamped in a large bean field, which, being near harvest time, afforded a good supply for our troops. This spot appeared the most charming I had ever beheld, presenting such a rich assemblage of wood and water, such a beautiful

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variety of hill and dale, as can hardly be exceeded in imagination. It seemed that the enemy had crossed the river here; but as it was impossible to ford the stream, and as they had conveyed all the canoes to the opposite side, all farther attempt at pursuing them was rendered hopeless. I walked towards the guard, with the view of conversing with the prisoners, but I was shocked to find they had been bayoneted on the road by our own troops, by order of the officer who had them in charge: the old man was killed outright, the young one escaped with three bayonet wounds in his body. This was the first time our own soldiers had been directly concerned in the deliberate murder of their prisoners; but they are, I find, altogether as barbarous and as unfeeling as those who bear the name of savage Indians. At night my attention was attracted by a number of fires, and to ascertain the cause I walked towards them; when I found each soldier with a large earthen pot boiling beans and peas, several being already drunk. Astonished at the fact, I was desirous to know whence they had procured the utensils, and the intoxicating spirit; but my surprise ceased on learning that near our encampment there was a burial-place of the Indians, with whom it is customary to inter with each deceased all his household utensils, a bag of toasted flour, and a large jar of chicha, which keeps a long time, as the mouth of the jar is closely sealed. Here the fellows had procured abundant cooking utensils, and plenty of cider, with which they had become intoxicated. I paid a visit to these cemeteries, and found the bodies deposited in small canoes, generally placed in a cave dug in the side of a declivity. According to their superstitious notions, they go by water to the sun, so that their canoes are made carefully water-tight. In the preparation of the flour and chicha great care is also taken, as it is supposed to last him during the voyage. The canoe of a man is generally made by the deceased himself; so that while he lives in this world it serves him in his hut for a chest. Our people seemed to be dispirited at the little prospect of subduing the Indians, or of apprehending Palacios or his adherents."

The expedition now retrograded.

" We continued our march leisurely towards Pitiquin: the ground all the way was covered with most delicious strawberries. We found the bodies of the Indians who fell in the action of the 23d, entirely consumed by condors and other birds of prey: the bones only remained to point out the place where they had been slaughtered."

" The terrified Indians fled on all sides, leaving their property at the mercy of the destroyers; mercy! alas! they had none: the poor Indian was hunted like a beast of prey, and murdered wherever he could be caught. One solitary Indian was suffered to escape, in order that he might convey to his countrymen the cause of the exterminating war carried on against them."

" Our object is now to cross the river and penetrate into Borrea, a country inhabited by a warlike race of Indians, whose features and complexions, we were told, are like those of the northern Europeans. This was the race which maintained so furious a war against the Spaniards in former times, who destroyed the cities of Imperial and Villarica, murdered all the male inhabitants, and carried off the women. I have already met with several Indians who answer this description: their features greatly resemble those of Europeans, and they have a much fairer complexion than other tribes, by

whom they are called Uingues, the name they also apply to Europeans. I questioned some of these Uingues as to any traditional genealogy which might throw some light upon their origin, but I could gain no information whatever."

" Several Indian women visited our camp to-day, bringing strawberries, pears, and peñones, for sale. They cared not for money, barter was preferred, and salt especially was in great request. These women were all extremely dirty, and seemed affected with itch: their dress was nearly similar to that of the men, only instead of a poncho they wore a piece of woollen cloth thrown over the right shoulder, and passing over the left arm-pit, exposed that shoulder and part of the breast on that side. Their mode of dressing their heads gave them a very ludicrous appearance, for their hair, which is very long, was divided into two parts, each part being tightly bound round and covered with a tape, and, after encircling the head different ways, had the end brought round and laid over each ear, so that every woman appeared armed with a pair of horns, some being blue, others red, and some parti-coloured, according to the hue of the tape by which the hair was bound. The fruit called peñones are of the size and somewhat of the shape of almonds, but more curved and tapering; they are covered with a ligneous shell, like that of the chestnut, which fruit they much resemble in taste, especially when boiled or roasted. They are found only in the cordillera of this and more southern latitudes, and are the fruit of a species of pine, which is said to grow to a great height. The Pehuenches, a wandering tribe of Indians inhabiting the cordillera, who are ignorant of the art of cultivating the ground, use the peñones as a substitute for bread and potatoes: they indeed appeared to me to be a delicate article of diet."

On the 2d of January, another party of Indians were surprised and attacked in their mal, or fort, which every tribe possesses as a last strong-hold. They made a very brief defence, and fled, and Dr. L. adds:—

" We carried away with us several women and children prisoners, about 300 sheep, several horses, bullocks, pigs, &c. License was given to every soldier to kill and destroy whatever belonged to the enemy; and, accordingly, on our return to the spot where we left our cavalry, the cottages, materials, and implements of every kind, were set fire to, all the plantations were destroyed, and the most wanton mischief committed wherever an opportunity offered. Small parties were kept on the alert all day, some going, some returning, bringing with them women, children, oxen, sheep, &c.; many Indians were massacred in the woods. Our camp was now crowded with cattle, and appeared like a large fair: serious quarrels now began to arise about the division of the spoil; the great contention was for the women and children; so that it became necessary to issue an order, that all prisoners and spoil should be given in charge of the guard. Two male prisoners, who were brought in to-day, were not put to death, as they were claimed as relatives by some of our auxiliaries. Two women and their children were liberated, and instructed to inform their cacique, that if he would come to the camp, suspension of hostilities towards him should take place; his person, and that of his attendants, should be safe; and he would be allowed to depart as soon as the matter was accommodated."

Next day, "about noon, the cacique Millan, confiding on the promises of the colonel, came

to the camp; he seemed a very respectable middle-aged man, and willingly acceded to all the propositions made to him. After promising to return on the morrow, he was dismissed.

" January 4.—The cacique Millan returned early this morning, bringing with him several old men, caciques, and Indians of influence in the neighbouring district; every one of whom, in his turn, made a complimentary speech to the colonel. Upon this occasion, age seemed to claim precedence with them; for although there were several caciques of considerable rank among them, the older men always spoke first: their orations were very long: they never pause, nor seem to want words; they make use of no gesture, gesticulation, nor emphasis. Our auxiliary Indians, between whom and our visitors a deadly enmity exists, threw every obstacle in the way of an accommodation. They even solicited permission of the colonel to be allowed to massacre Millan and his friends; this being refused, they begged hard to be suffered to immolate one of them to the manes of one of their friends, whom Millan and his allies had treacherously allured into their power, under pretence of negotiation. Notwithstanding a positive refusal, and a menace of the most summary vengeance should any such attempt be made, one of the caciques who accompanied Millan was treacherously stabbed in the evening: the strictest scrutiny was made, in order to discover the perpetrator, but in vain. The act was, however, highly applauded by the whole Indian encampment. Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the campaign: a treaty was entered into with all the hostile Indians, and we retraced our steps to Valdivia, where we arrived on the 13th. The Indians stipulated to give up Palacio and his adherents, and to remain at peace with their patriot neighbours; all which terms have been religiously observed."

Having been induced by the picturesque characters of the scenery, and the atrocious features of this war, to go so fully into the narrative, we shall take some other occasion for referring to Mr. Miers's account of the mines of Chile, and the prospects which they hold out.

Four Years in France.

WE hasten to the second and concluding notice of this book, the name of the author of which is reported to be Best. Whoever he may be, he assures us that there were 7,000 English at Florence at the end of 1822:—and this is not told as a dream!—but as he promises a volume on Italy, should this on France be popular, we live in hopes of an explanation. We should also be happy to have the following oracle elucidated at the same time:—" The division of mankind into nations is the great calamity of the human race." The error committed by Providence in this respect is severely reprehended by the author. Of the arts he appears to be as good a judge as of nature. In the Louvre, " the paintings of the Italian school have the place of honour, in the compartment at the end furthest from the door; the French school is, however, in a most flourishing state, and boasts great names: it will soon rival, if it does not already rival, the old Italian school" ! ! !

Of characteristic anecdote we find such notices as the annexed:—

" The son of the aubergiste at Essonne was, as almost every Frenchman is, a conversable man: he talked to me, while I waited to set off in the morning, of the English who lived or had lived near Essonne; among others, of the

Duc de Fitzjames, who, if I understood him right, had a country house in the neighbourhood. ‘ Why do you call him English?’ said I. ‘ The name is English.’ ‘ The family has been French for more than a century.’ He wished for an explanation. ‘ It is descended from James II. of England, whom we chased away because he was an honest man, as you put it to death Louis XIV. because he was *bienfaisant*.’ He answered, with much discretion, ‘ On s’oublie quelqu’fois.’”

Perhaps the following should have been placed among the jokes:—

“ We arrived at Sens. In the cathedral of this place is a very fine piece of sculpture, the tomb of the Dauphin, son of Louis XV. It will hardly be believed that, during the revolutionary fury, the populace were only restrained by force from breaking in pieces the statues of this tomb, out of hatred to royalty. I observed to the sacristan: ‘ Le bon peuple de Sens n’est pas apparemment un peuple de bon sens.’ In a chapel, under the invocation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, is a painting representing his interview with the pope at this place, to which he retired during his unjust exile. The memory of Thomas à Becket has been unmercifully slandered by our philosophical and Protestant historians: it is their way.”

Now let us see what are the ways of those whose ways the author has adopted. Speaking of the bridge at Avignon, he tells us—

“ That in the twelfth century,—an age of Cimmerian darkness, according to the Protestants,—a poor shepherd should have conceived the project of building a bridge over the Rhone; that he should have been prompted to this undertaking by motives of Christian charity, on observing how many were drowned in attempting the passage by boats; that he should have devoted his life to the collection of alms for his purpose;—all this might procure for St. Benezet more favour than he will ever meet with in our *dis-enlightened* country. I leave it to my reader to judge of my reasons for not saying *un-enlightened*. The mischief is, they made the poor man a saint, instead of knighting him, like Sir Richard Arkwright. A punster might have entitled him Pontifex Maximus; but this would have been still worse for his reputation. The Reverend Alban Butler, in his learned, discreet, and pious work, ‘ The Lives of the Saints,’ relates, that the building of this bridge was attended by many miracles. Part of these may have been contrived to encourage those to the enterprise who would not have been moved by the single consideration of its utility, as the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, and ‘ Deus vult,’ roused those who would never have made a common effort to defend Christendom against the Saracen. In part also, these miracles may have been real, notwithstanding the bold assertion that miracles have ceased. This assertion may be easily made, while every fact proving the contrary is rejected with supercilious incredulity; but it is an assertion in its own nature incapable of proof: the denial of the possibility of miracles would be inconsequent in the mouths of those who, by affirming them to have ceased, admit them to have existed. These men are not *Deo à secretis*. Butler tells us also, that, on occasion of part of the bridge falling down by the impetuosity of the waters, in 1669, nearly five hundred years after the death of St. Benezet, his body, which had been buried in a little chapel on the bridge, was taken up, and found entire, without the least sign of corruption; even the bowels were sound, and the colour of

the eyes lively and sprightly, though the bars of iron around the coffin were much corroded by rust, on account of the dampness of the situation. Butler did not know that animal muscle is changed by moisture into a substance resembling spermaceti, as proved by the experiments of Lavoisier, and Sir George Gibbs. The substance is called by the French chemists *adipocire*. The philosopher will, I hope, allow his obligation to me for having attempted to account for one miracle in a natural manner. Let him say, ‘ The man is reasonable, *quand même*.’”

What right has he to doubt this miracle, or rather this part of a very fair miracle, more than any of Mr. Butler’s other instances? it is a dangerous precedent of scepticism into which he is betrayed by his vain-glorious acquaintance with French chemistry. Upon the subject of the drama and playgoing, our author is as felicitous as usual, both in his precepts, his practice, and his deductions.

“ I know not,” says he, “ whether it may have been remarked that, in my chapter of Paris, I have said not a word of the theatres. The fact is, we never once were present at any of them. The opinion of Catholics as to the lawfulness of attending the theatrical representations of the present day, is by no means uniform. The English Catholic clergy in general advise to abstain from them: the pious and excellent priest at Paris, to whose counsels Kenelm owed so much, gave the same injunction. Our kind and prudent director at Avignon rather requested than required us to abstain from attending the theatre at that place. ‘ It is no great loss, considering the merit of the performance: when you shall be in Italy, I give you up to my successor.’”

This is wondrous satisfactory.

“ Following the lights, such as they were, of my own common sense, I had occasionally, even after becoming a Catholic, assisted at theatrical representations both in Bath and London, when the inducement was in accord with good taste and good morals. I could see no harm in allowing those ‘ purifiers of the affections,’ terror and pity, to be administered by those masters of the scenic art, Kemble and Siddons. There were others, second to these, but of great merit, whom I saw with pleasure: amongst them Cooke, when he was sober; Elliston, at all times. Arrived in France, I refrained from going to the theatre as the safe line of conduct, seeing I was now no longer alone. Besides, I was told that comedians, so they call all actors, were in a state of excommunication; that they could not accomplish the sacrament of penance without promising to renounce their profession; and that if they died comedians, their right to Christian burial was at least disputable. I cited the example of the capital of the Christian world. ‘ In Rome itself there are theatres.’ ‘ The holy father is under the necessity of permitting, as sovereign, what, as head of the church, he condemns.’ This reminded me of Sir Jonathan Trelawney, sometime Bishop of Winchester, who was much given, according to the custom of his time, to profane cursing and swearing—a custom which he adopted perhaps to shew that he was no puritan, as men neglected days of fasting and abstinence to prove that they were no papists. This reverend prelate being reproved for this malpractice, declared that he swore as Sir Jonathan Trelawney, not as Bishop of Winchester. He was asked how he would hereafter make a distinction in his personal identity, or divide what Sir Kenelm Digby calls

‘ a man’s numerical self;’—a phrase which my friend Sir —— was so good as to translate for me into ‘ number one.’ In fact, the argument drawn from the double character of the Pope to justify the permission of what was bad in itself, excited my indignation. ‘ The Pope,’ said I, ‘ is no hypocrite.’ ‘ True: the Pope is no hypocrite; but sovereigns are in some cases obliged to permit evils which they palliate and diminish by superintendence and regulation.’ I understood the allusion, but felt a strong repugnance to class actors, many of them persons of exemplary morals, and none of them necessarily otherwise, with those unfortunate outcasts, so well watched in France and Italy, and so piously allowed to roam at large in London: neither could I be all at once persuaded that stage plays were of the nature of a violation of one of the ten commandments. I alleged the example of all, or almost all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, who assisted at them without scruple. I was answered, that the example of sovereigns could not justify what was wrong in itself. The great Bossuet was quoted, who replied to Louis XIV., by whom his opinion was asked on the lawfulness of stage plays, which the monarch himself frequented: ‘ Sire, il y a de grands exemples pour, et de grandes autorités contre.’ ‘ Reste à savoir,’ said I to myself, with the disputant at Nismes. The question did not press: we abstained from plays in France. I resolved, if possible, to reconcile these contradictions in Italy. In Italy, I was instructed that there exists no excommunication of actors by the universal church, but only by the decrees of some particular dioceses, in remote ages, when the scenic art was reputed infamous on account of the representations, then almost always contrary to good morals: that they who exercise the profession of actors are guilty of great sin, if they exhibit on the stage any thing shameful or obscene, but not otherwise: that there exist indeed sentences of the holy see and of general councils against scenic representations, but that they refer always to such as may be indecent and contrary to sound morality: that the fathers condemn the theatres of their time, not only because of the indecencies there represented, but also because, as the pagans acted plays in honour of their false gods, the Christians could not assist at them without the stain of idolatry: that a decent play cannot be called *absolutely* a proximate occasion of sin, but may become such *relatively* to certain individuals on account of their personal fragility; and that such, admonished by their own experience, are bound to fly a danger, which, though it may be *remote* to others, is to them *proximate*: finally, that there cannot be any positive judgment, nor any fixed or constant rule, respecting theatres: since the lawfulness or unlawfulness of them may vary at every moment, according as scenic representations are agreeable or repugnant to good morals. Priests go to plays in Italy, generally retiring before the ballet. I have seen a cardinal at a private theatre: that it was a private theatre, was a circumstance of some importance in point of decorum, but of none in point of morality, concerning which, it is fair to presume that his eminence entertained no doubt or scruple.”

Remarks upon such prevarications of conscience and stolidity of sentiment, would indeed be superfluous. Of the long account of the disease and death of the author’s son, we have already spoken. Such an event, abstractedly, cannot be considered without feelings of pity; but it must be observed, that by the puerility of

the detail, an air of ridicule is thrown over even this melancholy occurrence. What will be thought of the story of a young man's death-bed, told by his father, which begins thus, *ab uno?* " His birth was announced to me at three o'clock in the morning of the 5th of May, 1801. In anxious expectation of this news, I had forbore to retire to rest. It was still necessary for me to wait some little time before I could be admitted to see my first-born. I then lived at Bath, in the west wing of Lansdown Crescent : behind each house of this building is a long strip of garden, of the breadth of the house. In the tumult of new affections I went out into my garden."

Every thing else is dwelt upon with the same absurd particularity : we are even told of the quarry and the sort of marble out of which the tombstone of this lad was cut ;* and one of his sorrowing father's first blunders, when the corpse was removed for interment, was to go into the room to blow out the candles !

" I went down (he tells us) to the room where the body of Kenelm had lain : it was gone. I stood some time lamenting the disappointment of my purposed farewell ; blaming the well-meant and successful efforts of Breugne to deprive me of this sorrowful satisfaction, and renewing the impression of the view I had taken the preceding evening of that which I was to behold no more. The crucifix lay on the table ; I took it up ; and, before leaving the room, was preparing to extinguish the tapers which were, by chance as I thought, left burning. The femme-de-chambre called out to me, ' Monsieur, il ne faut pas faire cela : les cierges lient la famille à ce qui se fait dans l'église.' It is easy to call this arrangement superstitious : there was good sense, and a sense of decorum in thus declaring by external signs our participation in the office in which we had so dear a concern. Whatever man loves or esteems highly, he endeavours to represent to himself by symbols."

The want of feeling appears to our mind to be shocking—the second son was at this very period lying, as it was supposed, at the point of death, and it is gravely related, " Everything portended his death. His mother afterwards said to me, ' I had taken out the sheet to bury him in ; it was as well for it to be ready.' " Really, this extinguishing of tapers and being ready with winding sheets are mentioned in a way to offend our natural sympathies most grossly. Our understandings are as much outraged by the following passage :—

" I will now relate an occurrence, on which I request the reader to exercise his judgment temperately. He will readily believe that I have not invented it : this is not an age in which credit is given to visions, or honour to visionaries. In the night between the 30th and 31st of October, thirty entire days after the death of Kenelm, his parents retired late to rest ; in fact, at one o'clock of the morning of the 31st. As they were composing themselves to sleep, they heard a noise as of the breaking of a small stick. To me this noise seemed to proceed from the cabinet or dressing-room behind the bed ; my wife heard it as from the commode or drawers opposite the foot of the bed. We asked each other what the noise might be, and compared what we had heard. Within a minute, my wife, who had raised herself in her bed, asked me, ' What light is that ? ' I saw no light, and asked, ' Where ? ' — On the drawers, brighter than any candle.'

* " On a tablet of white marble, inserted in a sepulchral stone from the quarries of Barbenante, is inscribed, in the Latin language, his name, his country, his religion, his age, and the date of the day and year of his death."

She proceeded to describe what she saw : ' Now it rises and grows larger. How beautifully bright ! brighter than the most brilliant star. What can it mean ? it is very strange you don't see it.' I thought so too ; but, to encourage her, said, ' Compose yourself ; it can mean no harm.' She went on : ' It still rises and grows larger : now it turns towards the window—it takes the form of a dove with the wings spread out—it has a bright glory all around it—it looks steadily at me—it speaks to my heart, and tells me that my dear Henry is happy—it fixes a piercing look on me, as if it would make me feel what it means. Now I know he is happy, and shall lament no more for him. There—now it has disappeared.' Though I had not seen the light, I could see the face of my wife while she was looking at it, and the tears glittering as if a bright light passed through them while they fell down her cheeks. The French word would be *ébrillantes*. There still remained a suffused light in the room, particularly on the wall above the drawers, as of the reflection of a nearly extinguished fire. This was observed by both of us. It lasted about five minutes, growing gradually fainter, and at length failing entirely. While looking at this suffused and darkish red light, and reasoning with myself how or why the bright light had not been seen by me, I remarked, on the floor, by the open door of the cabinet, the reflection of a veiluse, or small night-lamp. These lights are made of a single thread of cotton half an inch long, steeped in melted wax, and, when dry, inserted in little flat pieces of cork, which are floated, while the cotton is burning, in a small quantity of oil. This night-lamp was placed in the remotest corner of the dressing-room, which went the whole length of the bed-room. I saw its reflection on the floor only, and only so far as the open door permitted it to be seen. ' This,' said I, ' cannot be the cause of the suffused light ; still less can it have been the cause of the bright one.' While I was looking, first at the suffused light, then at the reflection of the lamp, the former disappeared ; it was plain, therefore, that it had not been caused by the latter. In the morning we visited the tomb of our departed son, and returned thanks to God. During the whole of the scene which I have described, which lasted about half a quarter of an hour, my wife's behaviour was sufficiently composed and recollective, was consistent and rational, free from affection or enthusiasm. A sudden and transient apparition of an illuminated dove with a glory might be considered as the work of fancy ; but here this appearance was prepared for and followed by circumstances in which the imagination could have no part. The attention of her who was to see the vision was directed, by the noise preceding it, to the place where it first appeared ; while I was roused by the same noise, but heard by me in a different part of the chamber, as if I were to be, as in the main I was, a witness only. I repeat, the suffused light was seen by us both for four or five minutes. Besides, the form which the bright light assumed to the eyes of my wife, the circumstance of its being seen by one of the parties only, without weakening the force of her testimony, is convulsive against its being either a natural or artificial light ; and her testimony, aided by mine, as to the concomitant circumstances, proves it to have been a supernatural one. The house looked into a court ; there was no house opposite from which lamp or candle could be seen ; the moon, whatever witty people may be inclined to say of the influence of the moon in this case, was but four

days old : besides, the window-shutters were closed, and excluded all lights, artificial or natural. To use the words of a learned, rational, and respectable old man, the curé of St. Agnac, to whom I related the matter, ' Ce qu'on voit, on voit.' True—what one sees, one sees ; but the Scripture, with that intimate knowledge of human nature evident in its every page, speaks of some who ' will not be persuaded even though one rose from the dead.' The term of thirty days has been observed in the catholic church as that at the end of which revelations have sometimes been made of the happiness of departed souls."

We will not add to these instances of feebleness of intellect ; but conclude by briefly expressing our disgust at the filthy foreign accounts of the impurities in the city of Nice, rendered the more displeasing by their following closely upon these pseudo-pathetic death-bed relations ; and mentioning that there is a crazy tale about a dream, and other fanatical circumstances, influencing the author to found a new religious order, of St. Clair. For these, and for an indifferent style, and for the minute account of the masses he attended, and the fasts he observed, we refer readers of sufficient curiosity to the work itself.

Ranking's Wars and Sports of the Mongols and Romans. [Concluded.]

WE now pursue those statements adduced by the author to shew the probability of his hypothesis, that the animal remains found in various situations are not of an antediluvian origin, but the results of wars and sports. Having already given our opinion upon the question, we need only resume the thread of argument broken off in our last Number.

" Remains of African and Asiatic animals have been found in the same place—the hippopotamus and tiger at Kirkdale—tigers are not known, from any decisive authority, to inhabit Africa ; nor are hippopotami found in Asia. At Walton, near Harwich, the hippopotamus, elephant, rhinoceros, &c. were found with the Irish fossil elk. Here we have animals of hot and cold countries mixed together. Could the high prices which the Romans gave for all strange animals have caused the extirpation of the elk in Ireland ? One of these animals having been found, which had been wounded by an arrow or spear, it is no longer thought to be antediluvian. The reindeer, along with animals of hot climates, has been found near Paris. These would, indeed, be odd effects of a diluvian operation. With respect to the supposition, that England and France were once hot countries ; how do the elk and reindeer support that hypothesis ? But when we find that Severus lived at York, and that he is known to have possessed tigers, animals so rarely exhibited, and that he had a triumphal ceremony there, and that all the other bones are precisely of such animals as were usually employed in Italy ; and, if we add to this the reindeer found at Paris, where the Roman Emperor Gratian had a park, and Scythian hunting friends from the Volga ; who can possibly doubt these animals being of Roman origin ? Are not such historical facts preferable to any theory, however ingenious ? " *

" With regard to the mastodontes found with the other animal remains in Europe, if the arguments here offered be not overturned, the natural inference will be, that mastodontes are a species of elephant ; and as likely not to be extinct as any of the other animals. A full-sized elephant is as large as any of the mastodontes found in America. " *

"Remains of elephants and other animals are sometimes met with in places where it is difficult to account for them by the vicinity of a Roman camp or city; but in whatever country amphitheatres have been in use, the beasts intended for the spectacles must have been conveyed from one place to another in all possible directions."

The important sciences of geology and natural history have not yet by any means attained that perfection and certainty to which further researches will undoubtedly lead. If these historical notes be admitted as a proof that naturalists have been, with regard to *particular animals*, mistaken, still there is an ample field remaining for speculation and discoveries respecting the remains of others. Nor would a conclusion in favour of this disquisition reflect discredit on any former opinions; on the contrary, it would prove how ingenious such authors must have been, to gain converts to their conjectures. It does not appear that any naturalist has examined history in order to account for these bones; but, had such been the case, is it possible to suppose that any one of the arguments hitherto held with regard to these particular remains of animals, could, in their minds, have prevailed against such numerous proofs as are here exhibited of their more probable origin? In those cases, where history was procurable, the conviction seems irresistible. In other instances, when we consider how imperfect the Roman history is, and how defective in recording the details of such a subject as is here treated of: that the circen-sian and amphitheatrical games, and the sacrifices, were continued for a series of centuries: that the amphitheatres of turf, and nearly all of those constructed of wood, cannot be traced or known: that with regard to Britain and Siberia, not one word of native history exists, relating to those periods which are here considered; yet, that the constructive evidence is, notwithstanding, so strong, that, compared with the difficulties of a diluvian origin, the hypothesis of a rotary axis, or of an inherent heat in the earth independently of the sun, it surely claims a decided preference, as offering proofs that do not violate the common actions of society. The extensive space in which these bones are spread by the Mongols, must not surprise us, when we find that the Grand Khan Octai with a mighty force was carrying on a war in China, while his nephew was trampling Russia, Poland, &c. under foot with six hundred thousand cavalry.—The Romans and Mongols have subdued Europe and Asia: and, in their wars, amusements, and customs, they have employed certain animals, the fossil remains of exactly the same kinds of which are found faithful to the residences and tracks of those conquerors. To resist this probable origin with success, it must be shewn that, by the laws, or by the casualties of nature, the fossil remains of the very same kinds of animals, mixed together in the variety of menagerie collections, some peculiar to Africa, some peculiar to Asia; some natives of torrid climates, some suitable to the coldest regions, are found in the very places where we might have expected the Roman and Mongol bones. It must be recollected that the appearance of those bones, found in many parts of Europe, induces a belief that the animals had been alive on the spot, and had met with violent deaths."

In the foregoing selections we believe we have taken as many of Mr. Ranking's leading arguments as are needed to demonstrate what his book is in that predominant theory to

which they refer; but there are still many incidental notices, a quotation from which will, we trust, be found to be what is styled agreeable reading. The advantage of being a magnificent tippler is thus shewn in the life of an ancient Briton, one Bonosus, who revolted against the Emperor Probus. "His father was a Spaniard, and either a professor of rhetoric or a grammarian, and died while Bonosus was young: his mother was a Gauloise, and a woman of wit. Bonosus served first in the infantry, then in the cavalry; and when he became a general, he had charge of the frontier of Rhaetia. No man ever drank like him. The Emperor Aurelian esteemed him for his military talents, and as he could drink like a *sieve*, he appointed him to entertain the ambassadors from all nations, that he might discover their secrets; he himself remaining perfectly undisturbed by any quantity of wine." Poor d—l! with all his accomplishments, after he had, naturally enough, considering his positions, "assumed the purple," being defeated by Probus, he hanged himself—we suppose to dry.

Of the gypsies there is a good condensed mention:

"The gypsies have puzzled the world almost as much as the mammoths: but the history of Tamerlane's invasion of Hindostan, appears to afford the true solution of their origin. Mr. Grellman, in his dissertation, supposes the gypsies to be Hindoos of the lowest class, and grounds this hypothesis, chiefly, on the similarity of the gypsy-language to the Hindostane, shewing many words to be the same; though many are *different*. He conjectures that they fled from India on Timur's invasion; but he acknowledges that it is a mere surmise." Sir William Jones suggests, that, in some piratical expedition, they might have landed in Arabia or Africa, and rambled to Egypt and Europe. "The motley language of the gypsies, of which Mr. Grellman exhibits a copious vocabulary, contains so many Sanscrit words, that their Indian origin can hardly be doubted. The authenticity of that vocabulary seems established by a multitude of gypsy-words, as *bhu*, earth; *cashth*, wood; and a hundred more, for which the collector of them could find no parallel in the vulgar dialect of Hindostan; though we know them to be pure Sanscrit, scarce changed in a single letter. Near the mouth of the river Sindhu, is a district named by Nearchus, in his journal, *Sangada*, which M. D'Anville supposes, justly, to be the seat of the Sanganians, a piratical nation, well known at present in the west of India. Mr. Malet, the resident at Poona, procured for me the Sanganian letters, which are a sort of Nagari, and a specimen of their language, which is apparently derived from the Sanscrit; nor can I doubt, from the description of their persons and manners, that they are the outcast Hindoos. It seems agreed, that the gypsies passed the Mediterranean immediately from Egypt." The gypsies are found in most countries of Europe. The writer has seen them in Moscow."

"After Timur's death, A.D. 1405, his country was for a long while in the utmost confusion, and with an empty treasury. Ralph Volaterius affirms, that the gypsies first proceeded from among the *Uru*, a people of Persia. Munster relates, that the gypsies made their first appearance in Germany, in 1417, in pitiful array; though they affected quality, and travelled with a train of hunting dogs after them, like nobles. Pope Pius II. supposes them to have migrated from the country of the Zigi, near Circassia. The gypsies are called

Cingani, or Zingani, Egyptians, Bohemians, Saracens, and Tartars. They are, according to Sir William Jones's remarks, Sanganians. They first entered Europe from Tartary, Syria, and Egypt; both of the latter kingdoms were, at that time, under one monarch, Farrude, son of Barkok. When they reached Bohemia, the king gave them passports to proceed to other countries. Thus, the various denominations by which the gypsies have been known are satisfactorily accounted for; and little, if any, doubt can remain, that they were the Indians brought away as slaves from Hindostan, in such multitudes, by Timur; and who, during the poverty and confusion caused by the Emperor Calil's folly, migrated to Europe; many of them stealing the dogs, in order to procure a livelihood by the chase, in wild countries, and by poaching in those that were cultivated. Being of the lowest cast in their own country, and *infidels* in Persia, the gypsies were probably despised and ill treated as slaves; they would therefore naturally expect a better fate among any other people than those who they felt had so cruelly oppressed them and their native land. With regard to their having entered Europe from Egypt, as well as from other countries, it is very probable that, when they had resolved on deserting, they looked towards Egypt in preference, from the circumstances of the inhabitants somewhat resembling themselves, and the climate and religion being, in many respects, similar to those of India; nor is it impossible but that, in their ignorance, (very excusable, as the royal pupil of Aristotle mistook the Indus for the Nile), they might imagine Egypt to be part of their native country; but, discovering their mistake, and, probably, being refused protection, they wandered they knew not whither. Many of the gypsies appear to have fled to the mountains of Cur-distan, where they are called *Kara-Shee*, or the Black Race. Their persons, manners, and customs, are described at length by Sir R. K. Porter, who passed through a large encampment of the gypsy tribe at Voronetz, on the river Don. The gypsies themselves are perhaps not in the least acquainted with their own origin."

But perhaps the most curious portions of this work are those which relate to Siberia—a great country, the scene of stupendous wars, and the object of the most ambitious conquerors:—how different from the Siberia of our imaginations at the present day! The Mongols overran Siberia and Russia 800 years ago; and the author thus concludes his history of these tremendous struggles:—

"The reader will be able to judge, by the preceding extracts, what confusion of ideas exists, even in Siberia, on this subject, among the most intelligent gentlemen who have resided there for years. The main facts on which the writer founds his proofs in this essay, were either unheeded, or unknown to Europeans in that country, viz. the immense invasions, during the reigns of the Grand Khans, Kublai and Timur Kaan, from China, and India beyond the Burrampooter; and the vast numbers of walruses and narwhals, at the mouths of the Lena, Jenesai, and the Oby. We will now endeavour to shew, that wherever bones which are really of the elephant have been found, they may, without any violation of probability, be referred to the wars from the earliest times with China, and Tangut, which reaches to Assam; besides the connexion there may have been with Hindostan from the western frontier of that country, for much more than twenty centuries. The great number of years the

descendants of Genghis Khan reigned in Siberia may also account for many of the remains of those animals, which, according to the inviolable custom of the Moguls, were received as presents, and used for the purposes of pleasure and hunting. In those instances which follow, there are, probably, some which relate merely to reports made to Europeans by the Siberians of mammoth bones, (meaning walruses); and which the Europeans would erroneously conclude meant elephants."

Into the sequent reports, however, we have not room to travel—a note must suffice:

"The Ostiacks call the mammoth *khosar*; the Tartars call it *khir*; and though the Arabian name is *syhl*, yet, if very large, they add the adjective *mehmetod* to it. These Arabs coming into Tartary, and finding there the relics of some monstrous great beasts, and not knowing what kind they might be, called these teeth *mehmetod*, which afterwards became a proper name among the Tartars, and is by the Russians corruptly pronounced *mammoth*. (The Tartars about Jenesal have many Arabic words in their language. Bell of Antermony, Chap. III.) Some think that Job meant the hippopotamus; others, that he meant the whale. Be this as it will, the Russian word *mammoth* certainly came from *behemot*. Father Gregory, confessor to the princess Sophia, was many years an exile in Siberia: he told me, that formerly the name was *mehmetod*, but that the Russian dialect had made the alteration to *mammoth*."

Only observing, that the author thinks the unicorn may yet be discovered in existence, we shall conclude with his statement relative to the famous cave of Kirkdale:—

"At Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, in a cave, were found remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyena, bear, *tiger*, wolf, deer, ox, rabbit, water-rat, mouse, and birds. (For a particular description of the cave, and of the remains of the animals, the reader is referred to Professor Buckland's volume.)

"Note.—Kirkdale is about twenty-three miles north of York, or Eboracum, which was the Roman capital of Britain for above three hundred years: and the head quarters of the Roman Empire for more than three years.

"The bones which have been found at Kirkdale correspond accurately with the beasts killed in the amphitheatres in Italy. Tigers are rarely noticed; and it is very worthy of remark, that Severus had *tigers*.—See Dion Cassius, 'Severus.' He also had *foreign bulls*. The skull of a bull (fossil) found in England, supposed to be of an *extinct* species, is in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. We find in the Augustan History, that when Diuid Julianus was informed that Severus had commenced his march, nothing was to be seen at Rome but *elephants*, horses, and troops training for service. In Spartan's life of Severus, we read, that when he was in Egypt, he was much pleased with his voyage, because of the singular strangeness of the animals and places which he saw; therefore, nothing is more probable than that he possessed hippopotami, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, and hyenas; all of which are natives of Egypt, and have been found at Kirkdale and Whitby in a fossil state. It has been conjectured, from the appearance of the bones, that the animals had met with a violent death. Severus died at York, and one of the signs forewarning his death was, that a figure of Victory, upon a platform near the emperor's throne, was blown down while the games of the circus were celebrating. The description of the valley corresponds exactly with what the Romans would select for such an occasion:

and particularly for the display of the hippopotamus in his own element. It can scarcely be doubted that such spectacles were common at the chief city, when we find the ruins of several amphitheatres visible at this day, in Britain. When three emperors were in the island, as might be expected, some of the animals were of rare occurrence, the tiger in particular. It may be observed that the bones of hippopotami have been found at Harwich, Kew, and Kirkdale, all in the *environs* (as is usual) of the three principal Roman cities. In this collection of bones, the tiger is *Asiatic*, the hippopotamus is *African*, and the small animals are, we may presume, *European*."

Upon the whole, this work is not only deserving of attention for the great quantity of information which it exhibits, and for the interesting argument, founded thereupon, which it upholds; but for the striking character of its contents, their historical traits, and the fund of extraordinary adventure which they relate of Mongol and Oriental kings. They seem to be fairy tales; but yet their truth is certain. Plays, and novels, and poems, might be written from them.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Rescued Fragments of Cabin Memorandums.

12mo. pp. 208. Plymouth, 1826. W. Curtis.

THE writer of this little volume, is, we gather from it, an officer of marines, of a poetical and rather sentimental temperament, and also religiously inclined. It may be guessed, therefore, that his book is of a different character from what the title would most readily suggest, at least we expected humour, instead of the contents which have been given to us. In another sense, however, the promise of the name is fulfilled—the memorandums are literally Fragments, some of them so utterly disjointed as to possess no intelligible meaning or interest. It is no pretence with blanks so curiously left, and disruptions so cunningly made, that the reader is as much informed as if all was set down at full length: on the contrary, the author has really often lost his manuscripts and connecting links; and his pages, if ever pages did, represent the *disjecta membra* of subjects of every kind. Such being the case, we shall satisfy our critical duty by selecting two or three of the best pages we have discovered, as a favourable specimen of the worthy Lieutenant. At Monte Video—

* * * * "Our orders were to proceed to Rio Janeiro. 'Come, before we depart, let us have one quiet walk into the country'— 'Bless me! how curious!' 'What is the matter? why are you looking so intently at those hormigas (emmetts)?' 'Indeed they are a very clever set of little insects; they are taking good care the sun shall not spoil their beauty.' It is certainly a very singular circumstance, that these ants should be every one provided with a small piece of leaf, which they carry a little elevated over their heads, as if to shelter themselves from the scorching heat: this miniature parasol is formed by the industrious little creatures into a triangular shape; and thus equipped they proceed in innumerable files through their small roads, which are to be met with in every direction. In our way we arrived at the burial-ground, about half a mile outside the north gate,—a disgrace to this settlement. Although there is so much waste land, the portion allotted for the final rest of the Videons is far less than the smallest church-yard of the humblest village in England; and the consequence is, that before the bodies are

sufficiently consumed, they are disinterred, to make room for others, from shallow graves not two feet deep, and thrown aside in a corner—a ghastly and noisy spectacle! The greater part are buried uncoffined, and in their clothes, remnants of which strew the ground; some are entombed in coarse shells of rough planks. The only memorials erected are small boards on a wooden cross, with the name and age rudely painted, and which remain no longer at the grave than the half-decayed tenant: I must except two tombs of stone, somewhat resembling those of England. When I look at the state of this cemetery, I cannot, but repeat it is a disgrace to the town and to their civilisation." * * * * *

"The slaves are few at Monte Video, and kindly treated; indeed, so like humble friends and confidential servants that no danger can be apprehended." 'I thought you spoke, the other day, with no small indignation, of the cruel treatment the slaves experience?' 'That was from the Brazilians and other nations—not the Videons; for nowhere are they treated with greater mildness and kindness than here. The king elect was to-day in a gay uniform—blue and gold, with two epaulets, &c.—and his court equally fine. The queen and ladies of honour were handsomely and tastefully dressed—their mistresses allowing them the use of their ornaments. * * * * We passed the theatre, which is very small, has a most miserable appearance outside; and I am told its interior is no better, being whitewashed only, and uncalled: the roof is supported by two large columns, which rise from the centre of the pit, and greatly obstruct the view of the stage: the pit is without benches, and the men assemble there, smoking their cigars; the boxes have no seats, so that each lady has her chair brought by a servant. The dramatic pieces are wretched, and the performers themselves worse. The highly improper custom of having the theatres open on Sunday evening is usual here, as it is (to their shame be it spoken) in most catholic countries:—how is a nation to expect any blessing from the Supreme Being, while such an impious violation of the Sabbath is permitted! instead of which, churches ought to be open, and evening service performed. In London, I believe such is the case; and it were well if this advantage was extended to country parishes: public-houses, the pest of a village, would not be so much frequented; enthusiastic conventicles of itinerant ignorance, which are nearly as injurious, would, perhaps, be less fashionable among the lower classes. What edification or improvement can be derived from such nonsense as is too frequently uttered there? Take, for instance, the following extracts from a sermon actually preached in my neighbourhood, by one of these travelling preachers:—' You zee, my friends, (speaking of Dives and Lazarus) this here Dives was a very rich man, and I dare say had a-got every thing comfortable about un—and why shouldnt he? he had a right to enjoy himself; he wore vine clothes every day; well, there was no harm in that, if he could pay vor um; that there was no crime in him, you know—only he should ha' minded Lazarus. Well, you zee, he died and was buried; well, and I dare say had got a very vine funeral, a power of folks attending; and why shouldnt he? he was a rich man, you know. Well, you zee, Lazarus died too, and he was very poor. We've no authority about his burying—we don't know what was done wi' he; but tes my belief, as tes zed the dogs were voond of un when he was alive, that they eat un all up when a was

dead!! * * * I've heard say, my friends, that hell was paved with good intentions; we've no authority for that, you know; but I think as how ter no such thing, because we are told ter a bottomless pit, zo where can the pavement be? * * * This was copied down, verbatim, and may be depended on as accurate. The preacher spoke the broad Devonshire, and was one of the humblest class of life."

Nearly one half the volume, we calculate, is occupied with poetical compositions, but none of them are such as to seduce us into longer extracts.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DRAGONS AND MONSTROUS SERPENTS OF ANTIQUITY, &c.—[Continued.]

6. *Allegorical explanations.*—Every church had its dragon. The emulation of external piety was the cause that these representations endeavoured to outdo one another in inspiring the spectators with admiration, astonishment, and terror. The visible part of the worship soon became the most important part of the religion in the estimation of such as were solely attentive to what affected their senses. The dragon in the procession of the rogations was too remarkable not to attract the attention of the people, and to usurp a large place in their belief. Every dragon soon had its peculiar legend; and legends multiplied to infinity. To those who question the influence of this cause, we will reply by a fact;—the Christians of the East never adopted the institution of the rogations; the victory obtained by a celestial being over a serpent seldom occurs in the history of the saints whom they revere. The word "dragon," contracted into that of "drac," designated the demons, the evil spirits, whom Provençal credulity placed on the waters of the Rhône, feeding on human flesh. To act the drac, was synonymous to doing any bad action which the devil could be supposed desirous of performing. Persons bitten by a serpent were cured on approaching the tomb of St. Phocas; thanks to the victory which, at the price of martyrdom, that Christian hero obtained over the devil, the old serpent. When, in the eighth century, it was said that an enormous serpent had been found in the sepulchre of Charles Martel, was it intended to insinuate any thing less than that the demon had made a prey of that warrior, who saved France, and perhaps the whole of Europe, from the yoke of the Musulmans, but who had the misfortune to thwart the ambition of the heads of the church, and the cupidity of the monks?—It seems therefore natural to believe that the serpent or dragon carried at the procession of the rogations, was the emblem of the infernal spirit, whose defeat was implored from Heaven; and that his defeat was attributed to the intercession of the saint whom, in each diocese and each parish, the faithful particularly reverence. This kind of explanation has been repeatedly given, under various forms, by those rational Christians who could not admit in a physical sense of stories too frequently told anew to have been ever true. The devil is vice personified. Victories gained over vice may therefore be typified by the same emblem. At Genoa, in the little square near the church of St. Cyr, is an old well, in which formerly concealed himself a dragon whose breath destroyed flocks and men. St. Cyr conjured the monster, and forced him to quit the well, and throw himself into the sea. Pictures still represent this miracle, which the learned interpret allegorically, as indicating the victories which the holy preacher gained over im-

piety and libertinism. The same interpretation will apply to the triumph of St. Marcel over the serpent which desolated Paris; since it is said that "this serpent appeared out of the city, near the tomb of a woman of quality who had led a disorderly life." M. Dulaure, however, (the author of the Physical, Civil, and Moral History of Paris) thinks that this legend, and a great many others, denote the triumph of the Christian religion over the religion of the Romans and that of the Druids. Incredulity, in fact, is the worst of vices in the eyes of the heads of a religion. Man is frequently corrupt and superstitious at the same time, and consequently submissive to priests: no one is submissive who does not believe. The dragon which St. Julien vanquished had his den near a temple of Jupiter; his fall might typify that of polytheism, when, at the voice of the apostle of Mars, the adorers of Jupiter overturned the altars of the dethroned god, and deserted his temple. On the spot where Epidaurus formerly stood, is a cavern which tradition sometimes describes as the retreat of Cadmus, metamorphosed into a serpent; but more frequently as the abode of Esculapius's serpent. When St. Jerome relates how, at Epidaurus, St. Hilarius triumphed over a destructive serpent who harboured in this same cavern, learned men appear to be justified in seeing in this narration the emblem of the victory of the preacher of the gospel over the worship of Esculapius. A monstrous dragon was desolating the environs of Theil, near the Roche-aux-Fées; St. Arné, an apostle of that country, drew it with his stole to the top of the hill, and ordered it to throw itself into the river Seiche. M. Noual de la Houssaye thinks that this miracle signifies the victory obtained by the saint over the last remains of the Druidical religion; the ceremonies of which had until that period been observed in the Roche-aux-Fées. He explains in the same way the performance of a similar miracle in the legend of St. Elflam; and in the legends of other saints. His conjecture may be advantageously extended to the efforts of a miracle-worker, who, before a stone, very probably Druidical, and honoured even to this day by superstitious rites, vanquished a dragon which was laying waste the territory of Neuilly-Saint-Front, in the arrondissement of Château-Thierry. Heresy, no less than a false religion, is reputed to be the work of the spirit of darkness. The dragon, of which, until the year 1728, the canons of St. Loup, at Troyes, carried an image in bronze in the procession of the rogations, passed for an emblem of the victory obtained by St. Loup over the Pelagian heresy.

7. *Multiplicity of stories of this kind adopted as real facts.*—But allegories are not intelligible to the multitude, ignorant, and brought up to believe blindly. The serpent which was paraded on the rogation days, was generally considered as the representation of a real serpent, to the existence of which no one ventured to assign a certain date. In vain was the meaning of the allegory explained to the superstitious; in vain, for example, were they shewn, in a picture, St. Veran loading the infernal spirit with chains: they persisted in believing and narrating that the territory of Arles was in ancient times delivered by St. Veran from the ravages of a monstrous serpent; and a picture, placed by the side of the first, perpetuated the memory of that victory, obtained, conformably to the origin of the legend, at the entrance of a grotto, near a fountain. Every parish having its dragon, the history of the monster varied still more than its shape: imagination and cre-

dulity attributed to it supernatural works: from alarm, the people passed to respect; and further still. The dragon of Poitiers was piously surnamed "the good Saint Vermin;" fervent prayers were addressed to him, chaplets were eagerly brought to him to touch; whether it was that, an adopted monument, he remained what he had in ancient times been, an idol, or that he had become so by degrees, in the midst of a superstitious people. More commonly, however, the emblem of the principle of evil was surrounded by signs of hate and horror. His history justified these feelings; he had been the scourge of the country in which his image was paraded. His venom had poisoned the fountains, and his breath had infected the air with contagious maladies. He had devoured flocks, torn men to pieces, chose for his peculiar victims young girls, virgins consecrated to the Lord; infants disappeared, swallowed in the gulf of his frightful throat. At Provins, until the year 1761, the parishes of Notre Dame and St. Quiriace, caused to be carried in the procession of the rogations, the one a winged dragon, the other a monster called the lizard; those two animals having formerly desolated the town and its neighbourhood. At Tonnerre, St. Abbé Jean conquered a basilisk that had infected the water of a fountain. The *Vieire* of Larré (to which a Burundian proverb compares women accused of obstinacy), was a serpent, concealed near a fountain, in the vicinity of a priory of the order of St. Benoit; and which, on account of its ravages, was for a long time the object of public terror. At Aix, in Provence, during the procession of the rogations, they placed on a rock, called the Dragon's Rock, close to a chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, the figure of a dragon killed at the intercession of that holy apostle. Not less serviceable than St. Andrew or St. George, St. Victor, at Marseilles, appears the conqueror of a monstrous reptile; St. Theodore tramples under foot a serpent; and St. Second, the patron of Asti, is represented on horseback piercing a dragon with his lance. We could quote many other similar legends, without at all exhausting the subject. We know the common origin of all; and the cause which, since the fifth century, tended to multiply them in the West. So far from being surprised at their number, it is astonishing that more do not exist.

8. *Variations in the circumstances and in the dates; new vestiges of the astronomical legend.*—The custom of carrying in the processions of the rogations the image of a serpent, ceased only by degrees. The representation of the prince of darkness retired but slowly before the progress of illumination. Many churches in France abandoned the practice only in the eighteenth century. In 1771 it was in full vigour in all the catholic churches of the Netherlands. During so long a lapse of time, the stories, and their explanations, naturally varied. To fight the gargoyle, the dragon of Rouen, St. Romain caused himself to be accompanied by a criminal, condemned to death, who obtained his pardon by the saint's miracle. The clergy willingly accredited stories of this kind; which augmented their power, by frequently allowing to their heads the right of pardon, or at least, as at Rouen, of liberating a prisoner. That was not too much to grant to the recollection of a miracle, of which, by the will of God, a culprit, already condemned, had become the instrument. More willingly still did the populace welcome this variation from the universal legend. According to them, men could not resolve upon so perilous a combat,

except to escape an infamous and cruel death. At that period, a condemned criminal, carried off from St. Radegonde the honour of having vanquished the grand-gueule, that terrible dragon of Poitiers, which every day quitted its cavern, situated on the banks of the river Clain, to go and devour the virgins of the Lord, the nuns of the convent of St. Croix. Another condemned man delivered the parish of Villiers, near Vendôme, from the ravages of a serpent. A third killed a dragon, or a crocodile, which, concealed in the waters of the Rhone, was the scourge of the mariners and the inhabitants of the country. A military deserter, to obtain pardon, fought with a dragon which spread consternation in the environs of Niort; he triumphed over it, but he himself lost his life. In discussing this last story, M. Eloi-Johanneau remarks how suspicious it is rendered both by one of the names given to the pretended soldier, (a name signifying conqueror of the beast, or of the monster) and still more by the date, 1589, or 1692; a date too recent to allow of the supposition that history would not mention so marvellous a fact. The date assigned by D. Calmet to the appearance of the Luneville serpent, is still more modern; he places it at half a century from the time at which he is writing (1751). Of all the variations to which time subjects popular traditions, the most common, perhaps, is that of dates. There are no archives for such stories, and it is in the nature of man unceasingly to endeavour to draw nearer to him recollections which connect him with the past. Too great an interval between them and the present moment tires his imagination; unable to fill it up, he tries to contract it, in proportion as it is extended by the lapse of years. Thus, the destruction of the dragon of Niort has been dated successively in 1589, and in 1692. That of the grand-gueule of Poitiers, attributed to a condemned criminal, has been sufficiently removed from the time at which St. Radegonde lived, to fix upon 1280, as the epoch of the appearance in that town of a flying dragon. Although St. Jerome has described the combat between St. Hilarion and the serpent of Epidaurus, it is to himself that is attributed the destruction of the monster; the cavern and the exuviae of which are shewn to travellers. The tradition which attributes to St. Martha the destruction of the Tarasque, is modern in comparison with that which honours by it sixteen brave men, eight of whom fell victims to their courage, while the eight others founded the towns of Beaucaire and Tarascon. We might still point out several dates which time has displaced and rendered modern. But it is in another point of view that the death of the heroes of Tarascon, and that of the soldier of Niort, deserve to be considered. In the fables which describe the combat of the principle of light with the principle of darkness, the first frequently purchases the victory at the price of life. This is related of Osiris, Bacchus, Atys, and Adonis. And in the Scandinavian mythology, on the terrible day which destroyed and renewed the world, the god Thor, after having struck with thunder the great serpent engendered by the evil principle, perished himself, stifled with the floods of venom which the monster vomited. Let us not be surprised to find again, under analogous circumstances, a new vestige of the solar legend, and to see several conquerors of monstrous serpents fall in the midst of their triumph, or not survive it. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, or, according to a more ancient tradition, in 1273, (for here we see the date varied in order to

bring the event nearer to our own times,) the mountains of Neufchatel were laid waste by a serpent, of which the names of several places in the environs of the village of Sulpy recall the remembrance. Raymond of Sulpy encountered the monster, killed him, and died two days after. Such was also the fate of a Belzunce, who delivered Bayonne from a dragon with several heads. He perished, suffocated by the flames and the smoke which the monster threw forth. Patriotism celebrates with enthusiasm the name of Arnold Southran, of Winkelried, who, at the battle of Sempach, in 1368, devoted himself to secure the safety of his countrymen. The name of one of his ancestors has a title to immortality, less authentic, but not less popular. Near Alpenach, in the Canton of Unterwald, on the banks of the river Melch, appeared, in 1250, a dragon, the cavern of which is still shewn. Struth of Winkelried, who had been banished for fighting a duel, determined to purchase the privilege of returning to his country by delivering it from this pest. He succeeded, but he died of his wounds the day after his victory. Petermann-Eterlin, who, it is true, wrote two hundred and fifty years later, mentions the fact in his chronicle. A painting represents it on the walls of a chapel near the place of combat. The place itself retains the name of Dragon's Marsh, and the cavern, of Dragon's Hole. It is probable that these commemorative names, and those of a similar kind near Sulpy, indicate, like that of Dragon's Rock, at Aix, the places where the procession of the rogations stopped, and where the image of the allegorical dragon was for a moment deposited.

PINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS.

No. V.—*Exhibition of 1760.*

In our retrospect of the artists' "contributions in kind" to the adornment of the Foundling Hospital, certainly the portrait of the venerable old Captain Coram, by Hogarth, should not be forgotten. It is a whole-length, the size of life, and the captain, in his gray locks, is seated, with the charter of this hospital (of which he was the founder) upon a table; a globe and various nautical instruments near him indicate his profession.

This interesting picture, though wanting in that grace which Reynolds would have super-added, possesses qualities that are only found in the best schools. It is unaffected, executed with a masterly hand, and exhibits that clearness and freshness which is not common to the English school; hence it is already greatly improved by that best test of unsophisticated painting—time.

Hogarth's pencil and graving tools were ever ready at the call of charity, public or private. A sketch or an etching by his hand was a certain passport to public favour. Hence he was requested by the governors of the Foundling Hospital to design an allegory, which represents several children, already admitted to the institution; the boys with mathematical instruments; the girls with spinning wheels. Over the door of the building from which they are proceeding, are the king's arms: a porter is bringing in a child, followed by Captain Coram, whose benevolent countenance is directed towards a kneeling woman. In the back ground are deserted infants, variously exposed. The whole design is intended to excite public commiseration for these helpless objects of humanity. This composition was engraved by a foreign artist, F. Morellon la Cave, and

printed as the head-piece to the power of attorney delivered to those ladies and gentlemen who were appointed by the trustees to receive subscriptions towards building the hospital. At this period, 1749, the infants were received at a house hired for the purpose in Hatton Garden; for such was the zeal, of the ladies in particular, for providing an asylum for these deserted infants, that a sufficient fund was raised for this benevolent purpose before the foundation was laid for the present spacious hospital. Hogarth's exertions in forwarding this good work were so marked, that he was elected a governor of this then most fashionable institution.

The virtues of the illustrious women who contributed their exertions to the forming of this charity, had due influence upon the manly spirit of the age. Benevolence refused nothing to their fair hands.

The gallant old captain, aware of female influence, obtained the signatures of the following ladies to his petition to King George the Second, for a charter to the establishment. The sovereign granted their request.

Charlotte Someraet.	F. Wa and Nottingham.
S. Richmond.	E. Cardigan.
H. Bolton.	Dorothy Burlington.
Anne Bolton.	F. Litchfield.
J. Leeds.	A. Albermarle.
A. Bedford.	F. Biron.
M. Cavendish Portland.	A. Trevor.
J. Manchester.	A. Torrington.
F. Hartford.	E. Onslow.
M. Harrok.	A. King.
S. Huntington.	

Among this list of noble ladies, many were not only amateur artists, but numbered amongst the earliest favourers of the British school of art. Thus the genii of beauty and taste consecrated the site destined to be the nursery for the next generation of genius.

We may infer that the picture of the *March to Finchley* was estimated by Hogarth to be worth £300. Its celebrity alone, for a long time, attracted thousands of spectators, all of whom contributed their mite to the charity.

It was not, however, the original intention of Hogarth to present this picture to the hospital. The gift was owing to a fortuitous circumstance.

The *éclat* which followed this most interesting composition grew naturally out of a national feeling associated with its subject. It represented the march of the foot guards, in the depth of winter, to meet the insurrection in the North. They were commanded, with other forces, by William, Duke of Cumberland, his majesty's great uncle, whose portrait we noticed in the last Number.

A print was proposed to be published from this, to be engraved by Luke Sullivan. This was accomplished; and a masterly effort it is of the joint talents of painting and engraving at this period of British art. It was, moreover, the precursor of all the subscription battle-pieces that have appeared since, of which the last half century has been so wondrously prolific, and so gloriously productive to our national arms and arts.

The following announcement of this proposal may be now regarded by many as a literary curiosity, given as it appeared seventy-six years since:—

General Advertiser. April 14th, 1750.—“Mr. Hogarth is publishing by subscription, a print representing the March to Finchley in the year 1746. Engraved on a copper plate 22 inches by 17. The price 7s. 6d.

Subscriptions are taken in at the *Golden Head* in *Leicester-fields*, till the 30th of this instant, and not longer, to the end that the engraving may not be retarded.

"Note.—Each print will be half a guinea after the subscription is over."

By this document we perceive how simply an affair of subscription was announced in these honest days. No quackery, no puffery, no long exordium of its political or moral effects, no expatiatory remarks on its merits as a work of art. It is an open, plain announcement, of a sterling seven shillings and sixpenny-worth of talent, take it or leave it. "Now is your time, my loyal customers, for in a few days the price of the commodity will be augmented almost fifty per cent." This was a straightforward business between the painter and the public, and the affair was settled in fourteen days.

But to the tale, of how the picture became an heir-loom to the Foundling Hospital. In the subscription-book, wherein the loyal and the lovers of art inserted their names, was written a proposal, which offered each subscriber of an additional three shillings for the print, a chance for the original picture; which Hogarth pledged himself should be delivered to the winner as soon as the engraving was completed. The number prescribed was two thousand; but the whole subscription was not filled, and the result was published as follows:—

General Advertiser, May 1, 1750.—"Yesterday Mr. Hogarth's subscription was closed, 1843 chances being subscribed for. Mr. Hogarth gave the remaining 167 chances to the Foundling Hospital. At two o'clock the box was opened, and the fortunate chance was No. 1941, which, belonging to the said hospital, the same night Mr. Hogarth delivered the picture to the governors."

"This was winding up the affair like a Trojan, may it please your majesty," said old Gen. O*****, to our late king, speaking with reference to the unprincipled practice of the painter of the *Siege of Gibraltar*.

The print of the *March to Finchley* was nearly completed before its public announcement. Hogarth merited the confidence of the public.

To reiterate what has been uttered a thousand times before, every new scheme in which the artists had a concern was ushered before the public with some satirical flourish of graphic humour. When the first exhibition of the works of the *United Artists of Great Britain* (which, as appears, grew out of the picture-gallery of this hospital,) was first established, Hogarth designed a vignette, by way of tail-piece to the catalogue.

This described a monkey, dressed as a *macaroni connoisseur*, with bag and sword, holding a watering-pot, and vainly pouring the refreshing shower upon some leafless stumps, rooted in three distinct flower-pots. On one is inscribed, "Obit 1572;" on another, "1604;" and on the last, "1660;" and on the ground is a label, inscribed "Exotics."

This was obviously intended to ridicule the prevailing fashion, or blind zealotry of the English *dilettanti*, in favour of the *good, bad, or indifferent* works, of the old foreign masters, which to be sure, in those days of limited connoisseurship, were pouring into England by thousands; of the latter at least, to the prejudice of native works, and this at a period too, when we had artists of our own, whose abilities would have claimed the notice of any age. This monkey-connoisseur was engraved by *Grignion*, with a spirit worthy of the prototype.

Circumstances, however, delayed the adoption of this humorous tail-piece until the period of the second exhibition, which was opened at the Great Room, Spring Garden,

with a display of talent that at once proved to the world that our climate was not uncongenial to the culture of art; thus refuting the illiberal and absurd assertions of the speculative philosophers of the continent, who had assigned physical causes as insurmountable impediments to our progress in painting.

We have before observed that much was due to the foreign artists who were encouraged here, for their zealous endeavours to establish an academy for the advantage of the British students. Their co-operation was equally liberal towards forming a national exhibition of works of native art. On the opening of this second display, Roubiliac the sculptor, who contributed some of his own ingenious labours to the general collection, took up his pen in the cause of the British school, and sent the following effusions of his poetic essay to the editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, the most fashionable journal of that epoch, which were printed in its columns, May 14, 1764; this exhibition having opened on the 9th of the same month.

"Pretendu connoisseur qui sur l'antique gloze,
Idolatrant le hon, sans connoître la chose,
Vrai peste des beaux arts, sans goût, sans équité,
Quitez ce ton pedant, ce mprise affecté,
Pour tout ce que le tems n'a pas encore gaté.

"Ne peus tu pas, en admirant ;
Les maîtres de Grèce, et ceux de l'Italie
Rendre justice également ;
A ceux qu'a nourris ta patrie ?
"Vois ce salon, et tu perdras,
Cette prevention injuste.
Et bien estoit conviendras
Qu'il ne faut pas qu'un Mecenas
Pour revir la siècle d'Auguste."

The catalogue of this year, so memorable in the annals of our arts, records a professional trait of mutual friendship between this worthy foreigner and an English sculptor. No. 154 describes a marble bust of Mr. Wilton, sculptured by Roubiliac; and No. 167, a marble bust of Mr. Roubiliac, by the chisel of Wilton.

Roubiliac was very generally esteemed. His kindness and liberality towards the students in his own department, endeared him particularly to the rising school of sculptors. Amongst others who derived advantage from his tuition and advice, was Tan Chet Qua. This ingenuous native of the "celestial empire" was the first who studied the fine arts in England. His talents were multifarious, as he not only practised sculpture, and portrait painting, in oil and miniature—admitting that light and shadow were not incompatible with painting, which was against the doctrine of Chinese practice—but also studied other arts and sciences. He read a paper of his own writing, on the subject of oriental gardening, and, it is said, afforded useful hints to Sir William Chambers, in his celebrated treatise on the same subject.

In this collection too, amongst the marbles, was that bust of Oliver Cromwell by Wilton, which, exhibited recently in the British Institution, excited so general an interest, from the apparent truth of the resemblance to that extraordinary person. It may be worthy of remark, speaking of this very curious bust, that several others were executed about this period, by various sculptors and modellers, all of which were considered to be very like the pictures, coins, and medals of the *Protector*. This, however, was natural, as we find, on examining the catalogues of these early exhibitions, that they were all from the same prototype, and that an infallible one,—a cast from Cromwell's face, taken in his life-time, which was preserved in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views and Illustrations of His Majesty's Palace at Brighton. By John Nash, Esq., Private Architect to the King, &c.

THIS work has just been published by Acker-mann, if we may call that publication which offers the few copies (of a limited edition of 250 copies) remaining after the subscribers are supplied, to the choice of such lovers of the arts as may desire to possess them. Respecting the Pavilion itself, its architectural taste, its fitness or unfitness for our climate, or for the sea-side residence of our Sovereign, (about which matters, so much of opinion has been very gratuitously given), we shall say nothing:—the exterior forms were new to this country; and every thing new will cause critics to differ. Of the interior, however, we have never heard but one sentiment;—that it was magnificent and striking. The Views before us represent the building in various aspects, and all the principal apartments, including the kitchen and the stable; for these too may be classed with drawing-rooms. They are above thirty in number, besides as many finished sections, plans, and outlines. The engravings are excellently done by Augustus Pugin; and the plates beautifully coloured, so as to afford a perfect specimen of the gorgeous furniture and splendid fitting-up of the Palace. We do not observe that there is any letter-press description, as was announced in the prospectus:—this is an effect of that ill-judged tax upon literature which levies eleven copies for the use of wealthy establishments, and to avoid which Mr. Nash has confined himself to the fine arts alone?

Miss Love. Painted by G. L. Saunders: on stone by Hage. W. Marsh.

If Miss Love personally might melt a heart of stone, it is no wonder that she should, as here, affect a surface of that hard material. It is pretty lithographic portrait: we cannot speak to the likeness, not being familiar with the lady off the stage.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

To the departed —

FAIR being ! thou art lapp'd in endless peace,
And thy pure spirit, lightened of its load,
Early exults where tears and troubles cease.

Yet all too beauteous was its clay abode
To lie in the dark chambers of the ground.
Oh ! wilt thou not, with youth immortal
crown'd —

Wilt thou not, sweetest spirit ! resume it yet ?
Exhibiting, in some congenial sphere,
That form which made thee seem an angel here,

Which whoso once beheld could ne'er forget !
Alas ! Death claims his own—to dust assign'd—
But hath no power o'er the sublimer part :
Oh, no ! he could not chill that glowing heart,

Nor quench one ray of that celestial mind.

IMITATION.

Si numeres anno, &c.

As in the gloomiest year some days
Of sunshine nature bless,
So Life, however sad, displays
Its gleams of happiness.

But as across the clearest skies
Some flitting vapours stray,
So still some petty cares arise
To dim our brightest day.

W.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—*Letter XV.*

I THINK I have already said, in one of my letters, that Paris is the place for making fortune; and I am prepared to prove the truth of this. In what country, for instance, but France, could the king's physician and the king's surgeon gain £16,000 by certificates of constitutional ill health or infirmity to exempt young men from the conscription? In what other country would the four captains of the body guard, and the four major-generals of the garde royale, receive £2,000 each per annum out of the profits of the gaming houses? Would any English field-marshall ever receive £4,000 for obtaining the royal sanction for a gas establishment? What would our bishops, our deans, canons, and even curates, say to being offered for subsistence a tax on depravity? In what country, save France, would a commissary-general be paid £800,000 more than was due to him? In what other country would a rich rogue dare to say, "I will not leave my prison, because I gain above £30,000 per annum by staying there for five years, as at that period I get rid of the four millions of francs for which I am confined." In England, a poor rascal, to obtain his liberty, must give up his all. In France, he need give up nothing; five years imprisonment pays all debts, and the creditor must besides allow him, during the whole time, sixteen shillings per month, or he escapes the fangs of the law for ever. But lest my countrymen should run headlong into this golden sea, I must tell them that in France there are two weights and two measures; one for the native, and the other for a foreigner. The native cannot be arrested for any debt unless he be in business, or have signed bills of exchange; promissory notes do not subject the party to arrest; but for the foreigner there is no privilege save that of sleeping in prison if he cannot pay; he can be arrested without any form of process, save the declaration that he is a foreigner, and to gaol he must go, without either bail or mainprise, and there he must rest until he has paid the uttermost farthing. This was an imperial law of Napoleon, which the Bourbons have preserved, as they have preserved the council of state, which does not suffer any person employed under the government, even a gamekeeper, to be prosecuted without its permission and sanction: but if the servants of government be specially protected, it is not so with those of whom they complain. A miserable devil was sentenced the other day to five years' imprisonment for having seized the mayor of his commune by the collar, to prevent the man of authority from turning him out of church; it was decided to be rebellion against the government, in the person of the mayor. These and a hundred other things which I have fished out, would prevent me from ever thinking of fixing my residence in France. Ignorant fools boast of the superiority of French over English liberty, and the comforts of the poor classes compared with the English. It is a glorious country, forsooth, because there is no poors' rates; but they do not know that thousands die yearly of inanition, though three pence per day would support them. There are no settlements here; no man has a parish to fly to; and such is the state of indigence of many of the lower classes, that they send their children to the Foundling Hospital as bastards, to avoid the expense of rearing them. It is a well-known fact, that more than one-third of the children born in Paris are sent there as children of parents unknown. I wonder whether

Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have ever been able to discover the organ of philoprogenitiveness in a French head? That bump must surely be missing in all who send their children to the Foundling Hospital,—or phrenology is not worth a farthing. Now that I am on the subject of phrenology, I think that aforesaid organ (it is so hard a word that I do not like to write it twice) must be wanting in the French generally. Nothing is more common than to hear a lady say, "I have had two children—I will have no more;" and, strange to say, the prediction is accomplished. It is extremely rare to see a French family with half a dozen children. There are two reasons, I am told, for this; first, the expense of bringing them up; and, what is considered as vastly more important, their being a drawback on the pleasures of the mother: the delights of the opera and the ball must not be sacrificed to a parcel of brats: besides, they would make her look so old; and then who could support the ridicule of being pointed out as having half a dozen children, when it is the *fashion* not to exceed two?

There is a system in France that I like; it is the adoption of children. A family who has none, adopts as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person, (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich); the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and cannot be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitably to their rank, and indeed to do every thing due to their own offspring.

I do not think it can be called a digression, to turn from the subject of children to that of marriages. There are at least a dozen advertising match-makers in Paris; and every day in the year we find, in the *petites affiches*, advertisements of maids and widows with from £500 to £50,000 fortune. The most celebrated of these match-makers is a M. Villiaume, a man decidedly born with the organ of conjunction, wherever it may lie; and he has proved that great wit to madness is nearly allied: the providing for so many damsels turned his brain, and poor Villiaume was sent to Charenton (Bedlam); but his ruling passion was strong in madness; and one of his first projects on arriving there was to marry all the lunatics to each other. His plan was never to make ill-assorted matches. He, therefore, carefully inquired of each crazy inmate what was his rank in society and the state of his fortune; and he was delighted to find that he was in the very cream of society. There were a couple of emperors, five kings, princes, dukes, marquises, counts, barons, and generals in abundance. They all possessed most splendid fortunes. Villiaume entered every item in a book, and each signed the document that concerned him, *ne varietur*; and in another book they signed an engagement to Villiaume to pay him a handsome per centage on the fortunes of the ladies they might marry. In the meantime, he found means to get a message sent to the female ward, requesting the ladies to state their rank, ages, fortunes, &c. Answers came from them all in the same style as that of the men; and Villiaume anticipated a golden harvest, in the firm persuasion that all the accounts furnished were accurate and unquestionable. Unfortunately, a few ice poultices on M. Villiaume's head dissipated the splendid dream, and he found the surest negotiations would be at his old establishment in the Rue Neuve St. Eustache.

As I must now return to England, I take my leave of you, Mr. Editor; but whenever I again go abroad I will intrude on your kindness.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday the visitors to the Italian Opera were again treated with closed doors. The Paris Journals give a sad account of our dramatic distresses. They represent Covent Garden, under the management of a Mr. Beech, to be in chancery and ruin: Drury Lane insolvent: and the King's Theatre destitute of performers, in consequence of the non-payment of their salaries. No wonder Pasta's *Mamma* called the English *Bêtes*, for the worst of all beasts are the poor Beasts.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE manager of this theatre has greatly augmented the obligations of the lovers of music to his establishment, by producing, in a style worthy of the occasion, Winter's fine opera of *Das Unterbrochene Opferfest*; translated for us *The Oracle, or the Interrupted Sacrifice*. This piece was brought out in Germany about thirty years ago with much eclat; and has ever since been a high and constant favourite throughout the Continent. It is, indeed, no compliment to our national taste or science, that it should so long have been a stranger to England; though so far fortunate that it should at last have been made known under the auspices of Mr. Arnold, whose own cultivated judgment renders him so competent to the task of giving to the public the best music in the best manner. To him, accordingly, we owe the *Freischütz*, and all its popular consequences,—so judiciously and admirably followed up by the present performance.

Of the general impression of this opera, we may say that it is of such a nature as to reconcile what would previously have been thought paradoxes in a mixed and common London audience. Not only is it altogether, but every separate composition is too long; yet as a whole it is not fatiguing, and not only is no separate part languid, but many parts are extremely beautiful; and the attention is kept alive from first to last. Of those which pleased us most, we may mention a duet in the first act between Miss Paton and Sapo; the finale of that act (which is full of harmonious combinations); a quartetto by Misses Paton, Goward, Boden, and Southwell, in the second act; the condemning chorus in the same; and also a solo by Phillips, in the first, though rather endangered by a startling bit of unusual recitative, very new to English ears, except in the comique of *Midas*. The concerted pieces, from beginning to end, display a very skilful genius; and there are always occurring passages of extraordinary interest, brilliancy, and effect. Those which are rather peculiar to the master, are, perhaps, the most entitled to praise, as they proved his title to a large share of excellent invention, and dispelled the floating recollections of Mozart, which other passages were sometimes calculated to raise in a way so as to place Winter's originality in question. With the story on which the music is hung, we shall not trouble ourselves; never did people sing singly or together at more improbable moments; but it says much for the charm of the opera, that it rarely permits you to perceive, and still less to dwell on these absurdities. Lovers chant everlasting farewells, condemned persons sing their own funeral hymns, (for which, however, there is

precedent in the psalm-singings of criminals on the scaffold in England), and, what is still more novel, the characters reason, lay their plans, and discuss matters, in pure metaphysics, and all to tunes,—so appropriate, it must be confessed, that we willingly yield our understandings to the one sense which they so entirely gratify. Of the performers, too, we have a very favourable report to make. Miss Paton, on whom the chief weight falls, sustains it like an Atlas, or rather like an Angel. It is hardly possible to imagine a more exquisite treat. Her execution of difficulties renders them as pleasing as her simple melodies; and in the latter her sweetness and pathos equal her power and finish in the former. Her acting also deserves a note of admiration; and much as she was esteemed before, this opera must exalt her reputation. There is one drawback upon this lady's attractions, which we are persuaded she could readily remove, because whenever she happens to be deeply intent on what she is doing, she unconsciously forgets this, her only stage fault. We allude to the management of her countenance. It may be necessary for a vocalist to set the arms, the chest, and throat, in a particular manner (often little consonant with ease and grace); and to open the mouth (like Mrs. Bellington's, in the old caricature, which was not a caricature) so as to form it into a Cave of Sound; but surely this, we speak of the features, may be accomplished without distortion,—the eyes looking war to the music and the words, the brows rapidly elevating or contracting, and the face undergoing changes the opposite of the agreeable. We are sure that Miss Paton, with her naturally pleasing looks, could avoid this *facial* exaggeration, which has only grown into habit from not being checked during her early studies. In the mad-song of the present opera, in the close of the duet of which we have spoken, and in one or two other instances the most trying to her voice and powers, and which accordingly occupied her whole mind, her manner and expression were as delightful as her singing. Giving *Places aux Dames*, we may briefly notice, that Miss Hamilton, putting acting and singing together, played the character assigned to her much better than we are accustomed to see such parts performed in our theatres, where there are few who can give sufficient energy to a tragic heroine, and at the same time contribute fairly to the musical department. Miss Boden has one very pretty song; Miss Southwell took the second in the quartette very ably; and Miss Goward was all archness and female roguery in the comic relief. Of Mr. Sapiro, it may justly be said, that he sang admirably: some of his tones are extremely effective. He fails principally where he directly imitates Brahams. Mr. J. Bland, as *Inca of Peru*, added to the good opinion we entertained of him—simplicity and good sense were conspicuous in all his exertions; and he accordingly reached a style quite in unison with the music, which is of a high and unornamented class, without rising to dignity. Mr. H. Phillips's deep and many notes were always heard to advantage wherever needed by the score. They enriched the choruses, and were loudly applauded in the solos. Mr. J. O. Atkins, also, obtained great approbation: his voice is magnificent, and when he knows how to manage it to the utmost of its capabilities, it must rank him among the foremost in the line to which it belongs. Mr. Thorne, in the male comic character, was not quite at home—*we could endure more humour*; nevertheless,

his efforts were respectable. A Mr. Perkins performed the *Inca's Son* with much spirit: he delivered a speech to the Peruvians, like another Rolla; and, in the midst of all the musical talent, deservedly earned a round of plaudits by his clever acting. We have only to add, that the scenery is splendid, the dresses and decorations rich and imposing, and all the scenic accessories in good keeping with the music; the opera altogether one of the most perfect and well-executed productions we have had upon the British stage.

The new farce forthcoming at the Haymarket, is by Mr. Walker, and taken from a tale in the first series of *Sayings and Doings*.

Mrs. Bunn is engaged at Covent Garden, as is also G. Penson, from the English Opera. The theatre opens 25th September.

Liston is engaged, we hear, for five months at Drury Lane. Kean will certainly be re-imported from America to act in tragedy with Mr. Young. Mathews has also been spoken with, to star it, if the bargain be not concluded.

VARIETIES.

Long Hair.—There is at present at Naples a very singular phenomenon, in the person of a young man, twenty-eight years of age, a native of Brischel, in Barbary, whose hair has grown to the extraordinary length of four feet. It resembles hog's bristles in its texture.

The Widow's Mite.—At the Exhibition of Paintings for the benefit of the Greeks, there is a box for the charitable to put in any sum they please in aid of the sacred cause. By the regulations of the committee, Friday in every week is destined for the visits of the higher classes of society, the price being five francs instead of one franc as on other days. On examining the box for voluntary contributions, large sums are frequently found in it: it is only on the Fridays that it is *variably empty*.—*Paris Correspondence*.

Death of Hercules.—Charles Roussel, the famous Athlete, called the *Hercules of the North*, died the other day at Lille, his native place, at the early age of 45. His combination of muscular force with agility was very extraordinary. His visit to London made him familiar to many of our readers, especially to artists, who considered his form to be equal in development to the Hercules Farnese, and frequently took him as a model. In this way he stood to Bosio for his *Aleides destroying the Hydra*; and our Royal Academy presented him with a superb gold medal. It is said, that overstraining himself in some of his prodigious efforts, contributed to shorten his life. His family seems to be remarkable for strength; and a brother Henri, and a sister, are also mentioned as prodigies.

Natural History.—Two paroquets, "born in Paris on the 4th and 7th of April," say the newspapers, have been placed in the Jardin du Roi. The most extraordinary part of the matter probably is, that they are the first Chatterers ever produced in that city.

Lady-birds.—The Hampshire Journals give extraordinary accounts of flights of lady-birds being seen near Southampton: one of them was two miles long! The same phenomena have been remarkable in and near London. The shipping in the river has been swarming with these insects, and a party of gentlemen one day visiting the top of St. Paul's Church, were surprised to see the dome literally covered, and so red with their flame-coloured corslets glancing in the sun, as hardly to admit of being ooked upon.

Beer.—The inhabitants of Paris seem to be as much exposed to the adulteration of their malt liquor as the inhabitants of London are. The French Journals complain of the substitution for hops of the syrup of potatoe leaves, and other inferior, and even poisonous materials. They also say, that many of the brewers who use genuine malt and hops, boil them so long, with a view of obtaining all their virtue, that they communicate to the beer an acrid and astringent quality. It seems, also, that it is a frequent practice with the petty retailers of beer in the French capital, to convert a single quart of good beer, bought at a respectable brewery, into three or four quarts of an insipid, if not a noxious compound. It is curious to see beer now drunk in preference to wine, in coffee-houses, &c., throughout many provinces of France.

The new planet Herschel may be seen this year on the meridian at midnight. He appears to the eye as a small star of the fifth magnitude. He will continue visible in the evening for about nineteen weeks.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Life of Napoleon.—We learn with satisfaction that four volumes of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon are already printed: what will not industry and talent united accomplish? The work is to consist of six volumes: the first two are, we understand, preliminary; the last four devoted to the Life: and the public will rejoice to hear, that the continued good health and steady habits of application of the author give full and agreeable promise of the completion of this labour in good time.

Mr. Somes is nearly ready with the third volume of his History of the Reformation, which, it is stated, will be completed in two volumes more.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The National Reader; or, School Class-Book, 12mo. 4s. 6d. sheep.—Buddicom's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. second Edition, 18fr. 6d.—Scott's Letters and Papers, 8vo. second Edition, 12s. bds.—Grammaire Italienne, par Biagioli, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Récrétions Françaises, par Mde de Froux, 12mo. 6s. sheep.—Nuevos Elementos de la Conversación en Espanol, Frances, Ingles, 12mo. 4s. sheep.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

	Thermometer.	Baronometer.
Thursday	From 54. to 78.	29.98Stationary.
Friday	49. — 70.	29.95Stationary.
Saturday	51. — 71.	29.98Stationary.
Sunday	46. — 72.	29.94Stationary.
Monday	50. — 73.	30.04 to 30.16
Tuesday	49. — 74.	30.02 — 29.96
Wednesday	47. — 78.	29.98Stationary.

Wind variable, N.E. and N.W. prevailing. Generally cloudy, with rain at times, till the 5th; since generally clear.

In the evening of the 3d a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. Those who witnessed the fall of rain about midnight, say that it surpassed any heavy rain they had before seen.

Rain fallen 1.925 inches, of which 1 inch fell during the storm of the 3d.

Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Not having much time for disputation correspondence, and finding that Mr. John Hunt thinks his personal or private character really affected by our remarks upon the public Reviewer of a novel, (the principles of which we thought injurious to morals, and consequently reproached the Reviewer with moral depravity for praising it)—we have no hesitation in removing the impression from his mind, by stating that we absolutely knew nothing about his morals, and gave our opinion simply with reference to the review in question.

To Harriet, of August 1st, we know not what answer to give. If we have been guilty of any neglect, we must plead the multiplicity of distracting engagements: for we should be sorry intentionally to disappoint so interesting a writer.

W.'s poem is, with all its merit, too long for the *Literary Gazette*. It is left under cover at our office in Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge.

Mr. Adamson's letter respecting the editions of Camoens, in our hands.

His lines are very sweet and very feeling; but like numerous offerings which we receive, though extremely delightful to parties concerned, are not calculated for general interest.

The same words are too often repeated in the Sirion's Song.

Thanks to F. D. We cannot do more.

JOURNAL OF THE BELLES LETTRES.

511

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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